THE BYSTANDER
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The BYSTANDER

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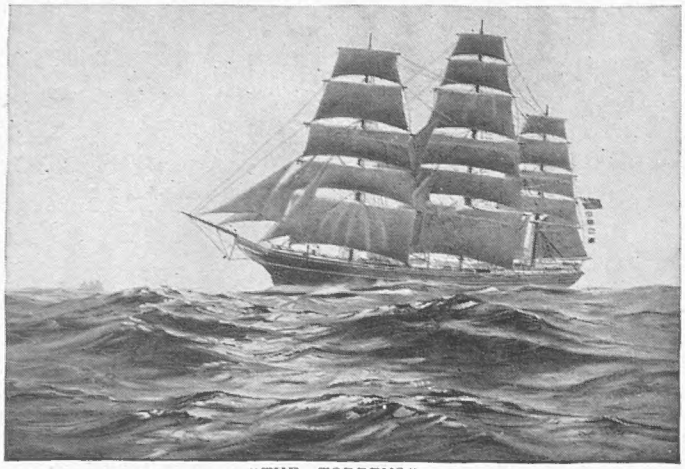

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The Bystander, August 3, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

Lenare

THE HON. MRS. MAYHEW AND JOHN ALEXANDER

The Hon. Mrs. Mayhew is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Falkland, and married Mr. John de Perigault Gurney Mayhew in 1928. Their small son was born last year, and was given the names John Alexander Simon Cary at his christening at St. George's, Hanover Square; his five godparents include the Earl of Clonmell

Fashion has its Final Fling of the Season

At the Royal Garden Party

The Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace is the grand finale of the season, when 10,000 guests from all over the world are indeed royally entertained, and the last of the summer creations are worn. 1 and 2 are two diaphanous models, one in spotted and the other in plain organdie. Below, reading from the left: Miss Jarvis (3), Mrs. Hodson (4), and Miss Alison Campbell (5), demonstrate how very attractive the little capes, so much worn this year, can be. Miss Hickman (6) favours organdie and mittens, and another guest (7) wears an original ensemble, which includes a boater, striped belt and scarf.

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Candida Sailing Round the Island

Mr. H. A. Andreae's Candida was second to Mr. Sopwith's Shamrock V., in the Ryde Town Cup, the race for big yachts round the Isle of Wight in the R.T.Y.C.'s Regatta held at Ryde. Our photograph shows the owner at the wheel, with Mrs. Frank Andreae, Lady Heath, and Lord Edward Gleichen in the well

THE last party of the season was given on Monday by Lord Donegall and Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale at the Piccadilly Hotel, and showed that numbers of well-knowns had not yet gone away. Lord Portarlington and Lord Brecknock sat at one table. Miss Hilary Charles and Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith at another. Miss Janet Jevons, whose engagement may be announced any minute, looked a trifle pensive. Mr. Edward Fitz-Clarence was as handsome as ever. Messrs. Max Aitken and Charles Sweeney arrived rather late. The Maharajah of Rajpiplah arrived early. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Horlick arrived almost simultaneously.

THE original idea of the party was to inaugurate the new swimming-pool. But it was raining hard, and nobody ventured to go in, though Princess Arthur of Connaught and other distinguished guests had a look at it. These self-contained swimming-pools are most effective. I went down to the Ace of Spades on the Kingston by-pass the other evening, and found the place crowded. It was a cool evening, but the water was so warm that you could see the steam rising, and several people stayed in the water for at least half an hour. This road-house must be coining money. There is not a table to be had at 10 p.m., or again at 12 p.m. or 2 a.m., which are the three most popular times.

THE fact that there is no licence means to say that the guests can arrive American-fashion with their own drink—be it champagne, whisky, brandy, or what have you. The management provide the food, cabaret, two dance orchestras, and swimming-pool, and you do the rest. Up to 9.30 p.m., they can send out for your liquor locally. After that, as I say, you must bring it yourself.

Poole, Dublin

Lady Milbanke

Lady Milbanke and her husband, Sir John Milbanke, are entertaining, this week, for the Dublin Horse Show at Mullaboden, Co. Kildare, where this photograph was taken

MOST of us who can, of course, prefer to go to the South of France, where there are no restrictions. At Cannes, Victor Ferosino has started a Chez Florence opposite the Palm Beach casino. Lady Davis, the beautiful widow of Sir Mortimer Davis, lent distinction to the scene on the opening night, and Mr. George Fitzgeorge was there, too.

SOONER or later they were bound to have a wedding gala at Cannes, and the one that took place the other day will surely be the first of many. Mr. Erskine Gwynne wore pink rompers. One guest unearthed a tall hat. Lady Charles Cavendish was there, and Miss "Joe" Carstairs, and Maurice Dekobra, no doubt so was Miss Olive Wadsley, the novelist. Altogether, it looks as though the Riviera summer season is going to be the gayest that has yet been had, in spite of world crisis, and it will be at least another fortnight before it has really filled up.

IN contrast to the sunshine in the South of France, the wedding guests at Lord Grenfell's wedding to Miss Betty Shaughnessy were nearly washed out at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. The Prince of Wales arrived when the downpour was at its height. Even the bridesmaids had raindrops on their white-chiffon-clad shoulders.

A. V. Swaebe

Watching the cricket match at Badminton, played after the Puppy Show, between the Duke of Beaufort's side and the Village, in which the Duke made top score: Mr. Guy Gibbs, Lady Helena Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbs, and Sir Lionel Darell

looking for material for his next novel, and the Vyvyan Drurys, and Lord Glenarthur.

OTHER news from the Riviera is that Lady Queensberry is down there as a guest of the Lewisohns at their lovely villa at Cannes. Lady Milford Haven has been to the Armenonville Garden there. Mistinguett's incomparable legs have been twinkling. The Grand Duke Dmitri has made his usual arrival at Monte Carlo. Mr. Charles Winn and his wife have been in evidence. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes has gone there after her recent visit to London. Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt is another well-known sunning herself at Monte Carlo.

MR. JACK MITFORD was one of the many guests of Lady Bearsted at her largest party of the season so far. Mrs. Archie Campbell was another, and

A. V. Swaebe

Lady Avice Spicer and Miss M. Brassey watch the final of the Holford Cup, won by the Tidworth team, in the Beaufort Polo Club's Summer Tournament, which was played at Norton, Malmesbury

Weddings—Dry

The sun shone for the Hon. Denys Burton-Buckley and Miss Gwendolyn Armstrong-Jones as they left the church after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Mr. Burton-Buckley is the youngest son of Lord Wrenbury, and Miss Armstrong-Jones's father, Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones, is the famous mental specialist

IT is always bad luck to go sick just when the holidays are here. Mr. Ralph Cobbold is to undergo a major operation in the next few days. Who would have thought that would happen to a young athlete like him? Lord Normanby is ill, too, and cannot leave London. Harry Preston seems to be making a wonderful recovery from his operation last week. No doubt he will soon be on view again at Brighton.

LADY ELIZABETH GREY recovered sufficiently quickly after her operation for appendicitis to marry Mr. Dawnay the day after the Grenfell-Shaughnessy wedding at St. Margaret's. She had, too, an enormous number of wedding presents. Her friends, knowing that she is of a literary turn of mind, sent her quantities of books. But there was, in addition, a large amount of jewellery sent by such people as Lady Dorothy Macmillan, Lady Selborne, Alice Lady Grey, Lord and

—*and Wet*

Lord Grenfell and his bride, Miss Betty Shaughnessy, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, in a heavy rain-storm. T.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Prince George were both present at the wedding. Miss Betty Shaughnessy is a step-daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Piers Legh, Equerry to the Prince of Wales

The Hon. Derek Keppel and Miss Dorothy Hyson having tea beside the swimming pool at Mrs. Briscoe-George's party for her daughters, Veronica and Joan, at the Bell House, Beaconsfield

Mr. Frederick Hennessy and Miss Jean Longsdon leaving the Brompton Oratory after their wedding. Miss Longsdon's stepfather, Mr. Washington Singer, is the well-known racehorse owner, and Mr. Hennessy is the second son of Sir George and Lady Hennessy of Grayshott Hall, Hants

Lady Hambleden. Better still, perhaps, in these hard times, were the cheques from Lord Grey, Lady Sybil Middleton, and several others.

HOLIDAY movements include the departure of Lady Cunard for Germany and Austria; of Sir Arthur Sutherland for a cruise round Norway; of Lord and Lady Darnley and Lady Jean Rankin for Scotland; of the Marquis and Marquise de Portago for Biarritz, and of Lord and Lady Bathurst for Harrogate.

Several young-marrieds are unable, owing to future responsibilities, to go very far. They include Lord and Lady Castlereagh, who are living very quietly down at Camberley.

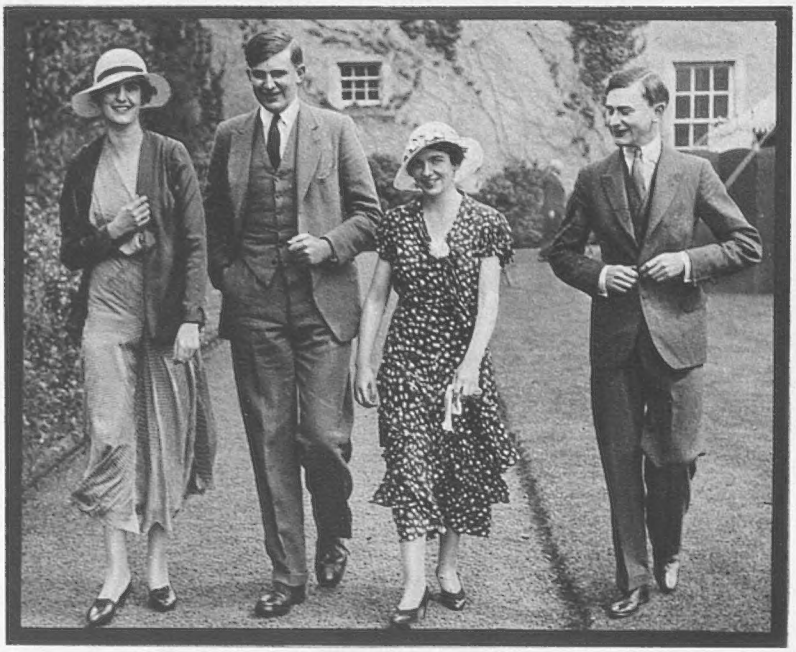
THE Embassy is now closed for two months. At Ciro's, the bar and saloon remain open. Mr. Charles Sweeney has gone into business. Lady Plunket is already making plans for a charity ball in the autumn. Lord and Lady Hastings have gone to Norfolk. They are still tearing up the bottom of Gloucester Place.

LAST week I was in a restaurant when a young woman rushed up and asked whether I was a baronet. She was on one of those scavenging parties, and she had to get a signature from a real live one. I pointed out Lady Milbanke round the corner, in case she cared to forge her husband's signature, but the stranger was too coy. I looked round for Sir Robert Throckmorton, but he was not to be seen. Nor was Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, so I suggested that she had better go on and get her mangold wurzel, which was the only other thing left on her list that she had not secured.

THESE scavenging parties, initiated by an eighteen-year-old girl who lives at Sonning, have certainly been one of the features of the season. I suspect that quite a number of them were inspired by restaurant managers who found that they had too many blue trout in their tanks, and wanted some way to get rid of them easily. The parties are preferable to the old treasure-hunts, but no doubt someone will find something still more amusing with which to kill time in the autumn.

IT is to be hoped that the weather will keep finer for Cowes than it did last year. One of the most interesting yachts last week was the Maria del Carmen, which was flying the Spanish Republican flag. Squadron yachts, on the station with their owners on board, included Britannia, Sir Walter Runciman's Sunbeam, Lord Normanton's Siren, Lord Northampton's Celia, and Sir Wyndham Portal's Star of India. I wonder how many candidates will have been blackballed this time?

THE death of Flo Ziegfeld will not be felt personally by many of our married lovelies in London. One or two whom I could mention were Follies girls. Others said they were, when they were not, which will now be more difficult to disprove than ever. Some prefer to live it down, and have done so quite successfully.



A Coming-of-Age

The Hon. Magdalen Fraser, Mr. William Joseph Stirling, Miss Stirling, and Mr. Peter Stirling at Keir, Dunblane, when Mr. W. J. Stirling's coming-of-age celebrations took place. He is the son of the late Brig.-Gen. Archibald Stirling and the Hon. Mrs. Stirling

THE first day of Goodwood was a reminder of Wild Wednesday at Ascot two years ago, and one hopes that its effect was not felt too greatly by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who derives a considerable part of his income from this race meeting. Despite the downpour, a large number of well-knowns showed up. Lord Carnarvon's white motor car gleamed in the downpour. The Blandfords were the guests of the Marshall Fields. I saw several members of Buck's Club wearing the new Buck's tie. Mrs. Vandy Beattie was there, and so was the Duke of Norfolk.

THE MAHARAJAH OF RAJPIPLAH told me on the Monday that he hoped to win a race on Thursday. Miss Isabel McCreery told me weeks ago that she hoped her father's colt, Furoukh, would win on Wednesday. But nobody told me about Solenoid or Solar Boy. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon's guests included the Princess Royal and Lord Harewood. Lord and Lady Ellesmere strolled in the paddock. Lady Lonsdale made an appearance, as also did Lord and Lady Durham.

WHITE mackintoshes and coloured rubber boots were the order of the opening day. Count John McCormack hoped that his two-year-old, Franz Hals, might develop into a Derby winner. The bookmakers grinned under their dripping umbrellas, and Lord and Lady Churchill probably made mental comparisons between this meeting and Ascot.

THE AGA KHAN was not at Goodwood to see his victory in the Ham Produce Stakes. He and the Begum are at Aix-les-Bains, where the hoteliers greatly miss Mr. Baldwin, now in Canada. Lady Chamberlain's presence has compensated them, however. But it is not very gay—unlike Biarritz which, with the arrival of King Alfonso, has begun its season at least a month ahead of schedule.

THE wedding of Mr. C. C. Bishop, the Blackheath Rugby International, to Miss Nancy Read, which took place last week at Brompton Parish Church, was attended by many football players, with C. D. Aarvold, the England captain, very busy as chief usher in seeing that the packing of the scrum was properly performed. The match was timed for two o'clock, and the whistle, so to speak, was sounded only five minutes late. It was remarked afterwards at the reception, which was held at 55 Prince's Gate, that, for once, a wedding in this church had been solemnised despite the fact that one of the parties was a well-known "Heathen."

Next Week's SENSATION

The Confessions (uncensored) of "Eddie" Tatham

A Human Document that will shake the West End with its amazing frankness

Mayfair Unmasked, Society with the Lid Off.
Astounding Revelations of Tonic-Water Orgies.
Thé-Dansants, Daylight Bathing Parties.
Countesses who chew Gum, Baronets who Bicycle.

We don't suppose you'll get one, but ORDER YOUR COPY NOW.

Mr. Ronald Dawnay, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay and Lady Susan Dawnay, and Lady Elizabeth Grey, younger daughter of Earl and Countess Grey, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. The three train-bearers are Lady Anne Cavendish, Miss Molly Middleton, and Miss Theresa Girouard; there were also eight grown-up bridesmaids

ALTHOUGH many of its citizens remain in London, which also, at the moment, seems to be full of Americans and people from the provinces, yet there are certain spots in London which are getting more and more desolate. I refer to clubs, where dining-rooms are becoming emptier and emptier, and the other public rooms seem to be occupied in the main by aged members who seek consolation from dullness in snores. It is a moot point with many clubs whether they would not do better to close their doors in August, so sparsely are they used.

Goodwood—not Quite so Glorious

Jupiter Pluvius fills the Stewards' Cup

The inevitable outsider wins! Mrs. C. L. Mackean's Solenoid (T. Barber up), wins the Stewards' Cup from Sir Alfred Butt's Slipper, seen in foreground

Mrs. J. L. Skene Spencer

Miss Snagge and Miss Ulrica Thynne favour the fur wrap

Miss A. Livingstone-Learmonth

Miss C. Livingstone-Learmonth

Masque and

"Behold you now at this King Henry's Court, This Merry Monarch in a festive mood."

1st Episode

Miss Weston

Above: The Countess of Radnor, by whose permission the Elizabethan Masque and Fayre, in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society, took place at Longford Castle, Salisbury, arranged the First Episode in the Masque and appeared in it as a Lady-in-Waiting. She is seen here with her three eldest children, who also took part, Lady Belinda and Lady Jane Pleydell-Bouverie, as Pages to the Queen, Anne Boleyn, and Viscount Folkestone, as one of the Pages to King Henry VIII.

Right: Miss Rosemary Olivier as Anne Boleyn (second from left) with two Ladies-in-Waiting, Miss E. M. Williams and Mrs. Eric Barrington, and, on the right, one of the Pavane dancers, Miss Margaret Campbell. The Masque was specially written by the Countess of Ypres, and produced by Mr. W. R. Vaughan. The orchestra was arranged and conducted by Lady Jeane Petherick

Fayre at Longford Castle

"And now, Elizabeth, in truth
a Queen,
Is entertained with mirth, and
mimicry."

3rd Episode

Miss Maureen Gordon, as Princess Elizabeth, in the Second Episode, "Princess Elizabeth Solves a Problem," which was arranged by her mother, Mrs. Charles Gordon

Miss Victoria Fuller, with her nephew, David Crichton-Maitland, who, in the First Episode, was Princess Mary's Page; his brother, Michael, was a Page to King Henry

Above, (r): Miss Victoria Fuller, who was one of those who danced in the Pavane in the First Episode; and, above, (l) ~~right~~, Miss Margot Weston and the Hon. Mrs. Frankland, as they appeared as Ladies-in-Waiting

Right: Another player in the First Episode of the Masque was the Hon. Sara Vanneck, as the Princess Mary, afterwards the unhappy Mary of England

Lady Montagu of Beaulieu, Lady-in-Waiting to Anne Boleyn, helps the Hon. Pamela Stanley before she appears. Miss Stanley spoke the Prologue which introduced each Episode of the Masque, and which Lady Montagu arranged. The couplets heading these pages are taken from the first and third Prologues

Racing: A Retrospect

By "Regular"

At Hurst Park, and caught by the camera laughing over some good story, were four "regulars," Lady Chesham, Mr. Sam Darling, Lord Chesham, and Mrs. Charles Mills

AWAY they go—the hearties north, the not-so-hearties, south. For a whole month, racing will be forgotten, that is, by all save the needy and greedy, whose slender means cause them to turn a deaf ear to both the grouse in the north and the croupiers in the south.

THE only grouse we "regulars" can afford" never saw an egg, but was born and bred by short-head defeats, out of taking under the odds.

We travel north and we travel south, but our journeys are bounded by Ripon and Haydock in the north, and Brighton and Folkestone in the south. However, we take consolation from the fact that we shall, in all probability, get a bigger grouse at Haydock than on any moor in Scotland, while I for one know I have been more skinned at Brighton than any sunbather ever dreamed of on Eden Rock.

I HAD hoped to regale you this week with the glories of Goodwood, but Bank Holiday has a most disturbing effect on the inner workings of a weekly journal, so for details of who did what, and how, in the Duke of Richmond's Park, you must abide your souls in patience till next week.

I AM going to suggest, therefore, that both you hearties ("yes, we must be getting near Carlisle") and you not-so-hearties ("Yes, it 's quite time we took our mael mer tablets, yes, one pink and one white, we shall be at Dover in ten minutes") cast your minds backwards at the joys and sorrows of the season, so far as it has gone.

THOSE of us who had wangled an invitation to stay somewhere in the neighbourhood, or had scraped together enough to pay for three days and a similar number of nights at the Adelphi, started their season at Liverpool.

NONE of us, bar Mr. Clayton, backed Forbra; as a matter of fact, most of our money was on the floor or in the ditch long before the finish, and, under the circumstances, we wished Mr. Paget's gallant effort on the second had succeeded.

MY chief recollections of National day are that the weather and light were grand, of an enormous glass of port with Lord Westmorland and Mr. Parsonage, the owner of Forbra, after the big race, of the great crowd, and the difficulty of getting my car away (nothing to do with the port), and of Mrs. Colclough, the most attractive woman present, leaving her race-glasses on top of the stand, and my endeavours to retrieve them, in the face of two thousand people who wished to descend.

THOSE of us, without invitations for Easter, and, judging by the crowd, hospitality had run very short, spent Easter Monday at Kempton, where we saw Scardroy win the Queen's Prize for that grand old sportsman, Major "Buck" Barclay. Once again, nobody backed the winner bar Mr. Clayton, but we all lost with a good grace, delighted to see success go to one of the most popular men who ever registered colours, which he did, incidentally, nearly fifty years ago.

ON the same day a horse called Jiweh won a race very easily, beating a lot of shocking horses, and was promptly backed by a lot of half-wits for the Derby. He has not won a race since.

THE Greenham Plate at Newbury drew everybody who gets a thrill from seeing a good horse, as Orwell was due to make his re-appearance. Orwell won like all presumed certainties should do—just as far as his jockey liked. Bobby Jones thought half a length sufficient, and those of us who had been brave enough to lay the odds were in a position to pay a few bills.

AFTER that we went to Newmarket for Craven Week, which was chiefly notable for a victory in the Royal colours by Limelight, Violator's success in the Wood Ditton Stakes and Loaningdale's Craven Stakes win, which caused them both to be backed for the Derby, by a few more half-wits who like to paper their rooms with bookmaker's vouchers, and Cockpen's defeat in the Column Produce Stakes.

HAVING paid a few bills by the certainty of the year, Orwell at Newbury, we thought it a good plan to pay a few more by the agency of the next best—Cockpen at Newmarket. Cockpen was beaten to blazes, and the bills had less chance than ever.

GUINEAS week will always remain in my memory on account of Orwell's smashing victory in the Two Thousand, and Miss Margaret Whigham's white "get-up" on the big day.

The July meeting at the Curragh: Mrs. Gilbert King, of Ballylin, King's Co., and Mrs. Graham-Toler in the paddock. Mrs. Graham-Toler's husband is heir-presumptive to the Earl of Norbury

NOTICING that the crowd was very densely packed at one corner of the paddock, I fought my way in that direction, thinking, not unnaturally, that Orwell was the cause of this excitement. Orwell, though, was still in his box at this time, and it was Miss Whigham, and not the Derby favourite, who was the cynosure of all eyes.

WHEN, a little later, Orwell entered the parade ring, his appearance created comparatively little interest.

I HAVE never seen the bars so full as they were after Orwell's victory. Champagne fairly flowed. At one table I saw Sir Tim Birkin, Sir Robert Throckmorton, Sir Richard Sykes, Lady Ashley, the Charlie Cavendishes (she was still Miss Astaire in those days), Mr. Charlie Baillie-Hamilton, and Miss Rose Bingham, blessing Orwell, and there were hundreds of others.

EVERYBODY had "Orwelled," and everybody was happy. The bookmakers were, of course, a bit down in the mouth, but, as I heard a young man explain to a well-known bookmaker, "Think yourselves damned lucky, backers have won a bit to-day; now you stand some chance of being paid."

DERBY week was piping hot, and for those who took a pitcher called Orwell to the well (no joke intended) once too often, extremely unprofitable. The race for the Derby was the most thrilling since the war, and the scene when Tom Walls led the gallant April the Fifth in, passes all belief.

SPLENDIDLY ridden by Lane, he swept down on the leaders in the last hundred and went on to win by three-quarters of a length.

I HAVE never seen a horse produce such a turn of speed at the finish of the Derby. He seemed to come from out of the clouds, and so fast was he travelling that, if the winning post had been a further hundred yards away, he would have won by several lengths. Those who, since his Eclipse success, consider Miracle home and dried for the Leger, would do well to remember this.

Out and About

Bassano

Miss Elizabeth Humphreys-Owen

Miss Humphreys-Owen is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Humphreys-Owen, and a granddaughter of Lady Sassoon, who entertains so much at her Belgrave Square house. She is twenty-one this year, and her mother gave a dance for her early in the season

Bassano

Miss Susan Hambro

Above: Miss Susan Hambro is the daughter of the late Major-Gen. Sir Percival Hambro and Lady Hambro. She is a débutante of recent years, and a popular member of the younger set

Miss Barbara Pollen

Extreme left: Miss Barbara Heather Pollen is the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. H. Pollen; her elder sister married Mr. Peter Burrell, Sir Merrick Burrell's son, in 1929. Col. and Mrs. Pollen have a lovely house at East Grinstead, and entertain there a good deal for their daughter

Miss Avis Cayzer

Left: Miss Avis Cayzer is the only child of the late Arthur Cayzer and Mrs. Cayzer, and a granddaughter of the late Sir Charles Cayzer. She and her mother, who is a daughter of John Birkett, Esq., of Kendal, live in London

Hay Wrightson

D

"Eddie" TATHAM, Our Compleat and "BAITS" Several

Piscatorial Pars by "Eddie" Tatham
Caricatures by Tony Wyzard

1. *Hon. Max Aitken*

This active little fish has been imported from the Beaver-Brooks of Canada. Will not run to great size, but weighs about 135 lbs. Has lately been seen swimming in the Manchester Ship Canal, also noticed in the Upper Thames Reaches. At nights should remain dormant in the sleepy pools of St. James's, but has been known to lurk in the faster stretches of Quaglino's or the Embassy. Suggested Bait—a Débutante lightly flicked across his path will probably get a nibble, but an ex-Débutante should prove deadly, and care must be taken to prevent the bait being gobbled—hook and all

2. *The Duke of Norfolk*

A very shy fish and difficult to land, but well worth effort and careful study, as he should prove a big catch. Home waters are in Sussex, and also lives in a tank in St. James's Square; he has been seen to flap a fin near Regent's Park. Best to stalk in the daytime, as he cannot see much at night. Suggested mode of attack—stride up in tweeds at a race meeting, and mark his card; a good plan would be to ground-bait heavily with Orange Brandy, strike gently, as he prefers to swallow the bait slowly rather than gobble it

1. The Hon. Max Aitken *2. The Duke of Norfolk* *3. Mr. Randolph Churchill* *4. Sir Michael Duff*

Angler, Whips the SOCIAL STREAMS Interesting FISH, Hitherto Unhooked

3. *Randolph Churchill*

This interesting and uncommon fish will survive in waters where others fear to flap a fin, and is likely to grow to great size mentally and physically. Will not be daunted by any difficult currents he may encounter, and will devour any spawn or small fry that cross his path with the utmost celerity. Suggested method of approach to ensure landing this catch—advance kneeling, with bowed head, then slowly raise the head and with rapt expression remain a silent disciple until the flow of words ceases; ground-bait with Old Brandy

4. *Sir Michael Duff Assheton-Smith, Bt.*

A catch that should prove the answer to every maiden's prayer, grows to a great length and weighs about 175 lb. Lurks most of the year in deep pools in Slate Quarries in North Wales. Sometimes swims to London during the night, and can be found flapping a hesitating but dignified fin between Chapel Street and the Board of Trade. Likely feeding ground, The Ritz. Suggested bait—a Box at the Opera, or introduction to a good publisher. Ground-bait with Bicarbonate of Soda

5. *Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bt.*

This fish, although full of spirits when roused, generally remains still, like the deep waters in which he slumbers. He is very deceptive, as he frequently gives the appearance of being dead; however, if gently prodded, bubbles will come from the mouth and indicate life. Very seldom seen in the daytime, even in his home waters in Warwickshire; is most likely to be found at night, or in the early morning, swimming slowly and in rather a circular motion up Regent Street, stopping occasionally to dart into mysterious submerged caverns. Likely feeding ground: Punch's Club. Suggested Bait—a bottle of Gilbey's Invalid Port, or a few pairs of new socks

6. *The Earl of Rosse*

This well-covered fish originated in Ireland, but travels great distances, and may as likely be found adorning the sacred streams of Pekin as the icy waters of Russia. Would make a very valuable catch, as the splendour of his shape is enhanced by his roseate hue. Will not often be found in a shoal, but more likely proceeding in lone and majestic splendour. When in English waters, frequents the R.A.C., where he is the pride of the Pool; from here will move slowly to the feeding grounds of the Ritz. No ordinary bait should be used: bread, worms, and boiled wheat have been tried, but only produce a disdainful wriggle; use Caviare dipped in Vodka

Assheton-Smith, Bt. 5. Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bt. 6. The Earl of Rosse

Elwin Neame

Pamela Hulbert

The young and attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hulbert, the latter being better known to the public as the incomparable Cicely Courtneidge

The New Plays

Before Mr. Justice Galsworthy

DRIFTING, as we are, in the dramatic doldrums, Leon M. Lion's season of Galsworthy revivals at the Garrick gladdens the horizon with something suspiciously like a sail. Seats are cheap, smoking is permitted, the company is a sound one, and with Mr. Justice Galsworthy on the bench, members of the jury are guaranteed an interesting session in which to test their powers of impartiality.

Most Englishmen, in writing a play about a Jew, and a bit of a cad at that, judged by our public school standards, would have found the job of refereeing the clash of codes a bit too much for their pride and prejudices. In *Loyalties* the case for the Christian and the Jew are weighed and sifted with scrupulous fairness. The game is so squarely handled that the spectators must play fair too. Now you are laughing maliciously at the clumsy tactics of Britain United, now feeling like hounding Jerusalem Wanderers out of the League for foul play. But all the time the referee is blowing his whistle and pointing an accusing finger at both sides in turn.

Because of this genius for refereeing, the dramatist's qualities tend, perhaps, to be under estimated. One does not think of a judge as a creative artist, merely as a discerning and unbiased interpreter. A moment's reflection will place Mr. Galsworthy on his proper seat in the High Court of Art as well as in the Chamber of Arbitration. *Justice* and *The Silver Box* are superb examples of the handiwork of a social reformer who is also a master craftsman. The hand is admittedly a trifle heavy and relentless. The thought of flippancy entering into these sagas of square-face capitalists and stony-hearted paterfamiliases—how we shall miss Norman McKinnel when *The Family Man* is done again—is outside the pale of propriety. One might just as well expect Dresden china nymphs from Michael Angelo. Wherefore, ye tired men of business, be warned to prepare for the worst. Galsworthy will positively make you think, and, having thought, take sides.

"ESCAPE," however, is easy going. Our answer to the question, "Would you help an escaped convict, or wouldn't you?" is a foregone conclusion. To begin with, Captain Matt Denant had rotten luck and our sympathies are with him from the start. It was indiscreet of a gentleman crossing Hyde Park in full Goodwood regalia to chat sympathetically with the professional charmer who had accosted him. This moral uplift business is dangerous, and leads nowhere except to misunderstandings and Bow Street. The Captain, pure of soul, was too quick of temper. He landed a straight left on the plain clothes' man's chin and the iron railings did the rest. Denant got five years on the Moor, and the world cried "Shame! If he wasn't a toff, he 'd have swung for murder"—a strange verdict in view of the evidence.

Kathleen Iddon

Polly Ward

One of the happy band of Savoy Follies presented by Archie de Bear at the Savoy Theatre

SO strange, in fact, that the nine episodes which follow have only the value of episodes. They do not put us through the ordeal of considering our verdict or deciding on our conduct. They keep us in a pleasurable state of suspense and excitement, hoping that the fugitive, disguised as a fisherman, will manœuvre his stolen Ford through the encircling menace of daft yokels, hostile farmers, and picnicking vulgarians to some harbour of safety where an officer and a gentleman can be at rest, immune from the menial task of breaking stones in what the local constable would call "a proper varmint" of a fog.

AT the same time, we can see eye to eye with the warders, called out to guard roads on a foul night; the seafaring owner of the Ford; the perspiring constable on a bicycle; the uneasy farmer; and the church-going spinster who had never told a lie.

Yet, knowing Denant as a sportsman out of luck, the hero of a war-time escape from Germany, and the victim of a monstrous sentence, every one who is on his side is on ours. We applaud the retired judge weighing in with friendly talk and cigars; the pretty girl with a sense of humour married to the boob in plus fours; the hunting spinster with her quick lies; and, of course, the shingled lady waking to the rare experience of finding a real man under her bed, and an escaped convict to boot.

BUT if Denant had been an East-End thug, what then? The shingled lady might have witheld the freedom of her safety razor and purse without transgressing the code of sportsmanship. As it was, the bedroom held a well-bred air of subdued romance wafted from the playing-fields of the public-school where the lady's husband and the intruder had held social communion. And in the end it is this class-kinship and the public school notion of "cricket" that is Denant's undoing: he surrenders to authority to prevent the parson lying like a trooper in his own vestry—an awkward predicament for an ex-war padre with a conscience—a disappointing and hardly credible finale. This exodus from the concealing cassocks, one felt, was carrying the public school spirit almost ad absurdum.

COLIN CLIVE, perfectly cast, is the gentleman at large to the life—an admirable study of natural buoyancy subdued by prison, hunger, and exhaustion. The other characters, thanks to the episodic method, have hardly time to take shape. But some clever and competent outlines are noticeable in Betty Hardy's Girl of the Town: James Roylan's Parson; and Phyllis Konstam's Shingled Lady. Frederick Piper, Paul Gill, Ann Codrington, and others, play a variety of parts well, and Leon M. Lion emerges from the fog of Dartmoor and an invisible but intense convict-study to repeat his successful miniature of a humane judge.

TRINCULO.

Lenare

The "Young Marrieds"

No. 10. Mr. Anthony and Lady Veronica Hornby

Mr. Anthony Hornby and his wife are one of the latest additions to the "young married" list, as their wedding took place early this year. Lady Veronica Hornby is Lord Dufferin and Ava's only sister, and Mr. Hornby is a son of Mr. C. H. St. John Hornby, of Shelley House, Chelsea

Cedric Belfrage *discourses on* Film Stars and their Foibles

THINGS I never knew till their Press agents told me:

That Joan Blondell's greatest ambition is to be Al Capone's secretary.

That, in the B.R. (Before Reno) days, Ruth Chatterton refused to allow husband Ralph Forbes to fly.

That Gibb McLaughlin smokes fifty cigars a day when he plays butler parts.

That the favourite food of an Elstree cat named Jane is talkie scenarios.

That Anna Sten, Sam Goldwyn's new importation from Berlin, has a lyka (kind of Spitz) dog whose name is Dryshok (Russian for "Little Palsy Walsy").

That, during his recent visit to England, Darryl Zanuck, Big Bozo of the Warner Brothers' Hollywood studios, "joined up with the polo crowd and toured the provinces for ten days."

That Joan Crawford "plies her needle practically every minute she is not appearing before the cameras."

That Sylvia Sidney has never eaten bread and butter, "not because she diets, but because she actually dislikes it."

That an Ealing butcher-boy named Wilfred MacGillicuddy is playing his real-life rôle in a Flanagan and Allen film.

That when John Loder opened a bottle of champagne in a scene for *The Butler's Millions*, the cork gave Irene Richards a black eye.

That the name of the café manager at Radio Pictures' Hollywood studio is Edith Evans.

That Lawrence Tibbett exercises his throat by intoning "Blah - Blah - Blah."

That Edward Everett Horton eats prunes three times a day.

That Mickey Mouse gets 6000 fan letters a day.

An Old Favourite "Talkied"

Betty Stockfield as Angela and Harry Welchman as the infatuated Balfasarre in a scene from the B.I.P. production of "The Maid of the Mountains" the Daly record-breaker

VIEWING With Alarm Dept.:

Baby Peggy, now aged thirteen, is to make a "come-back" in talkies with James Gleason in *Jerry of the Journal*.

Evelyn Brent's three favourite words are still (after all these years) "lousy," "swell," and "yeah," Hollywood eavesdroppers report.

Jean Harlow (now Mrs. Supervisor Paul Bern) broke with all accepted tradition by not allowing reporters at her wedding reception and is paying the penalty now in words of one and two syllables in American scandal-sheets.

A general ban has been placed in Hollywood on extras with gold teeth. (You know how the stuff glitters.)

Elissa Landi is now reported to be busy denying that she denied that she's all filled up with blue blood.

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AND China is a pretty queer place, too. Here is something you probably didn't know. When a film with kissing scenes in it is shown there—when a film is shown, in short—the manager has to come on the stage and explain that a kiss is a sign of affection and means the same thing as the old Chinese custom of rubbing noses. The Oriental fan is still perplexed about this kissing business, and managers wear out thousands of pounds' worth of shoe leather trying to ram the point of it home.

NO, I don't believe that story either—but here's a really good one, straight from Hollywood, the seat of all knowledge. The authority for it is Gene Markey, the scenario writer and Hollywood wise guy.

Mr. Markey sold a scenario with the brilliantly original title *American Girl* to a Chinese film-producing company.

"Velleee nice," said the company's representative, on perusing the script, "but I tlink tlee sets too vellee damn much. You makee stollee in one set, we buy vellee quick."

THIS speech was intended to indicate that the company could not use any story with more than one set. The reason for this (now, hold your breath, girls!) was that, whenever and wherever a film company is seen at work in China, bandits put in an appearance and suggest that the camera be insured for £250. If it is not so insured, something not only may, but invariably does happen to it—not to mention the company.

The producers, therefore, do not dare venture forth more than once for each film. They set the camera up, and grind away until unconscious.

Where did the Chinese bandits pick up this charming Chicago custom? Oh—they saw it on the movies.

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AND another pretty little anecdote reaching these shores from Hollywood is the one about Mr. Robert Sinclair, who was selected by the authors of *Once in a Lifetime*, the famous Hollywood satirical play, to go out West and supervise the filming of it on their behalf. The play, if you remember it, makes especial fun of Hollywood for its absurd habit of hiring authors and others, paying them large salaries, keeping them hanging about with nothing to do, and finally forgetting about their very existence.

WELL, this Mr. Sinclair rushed to Hollywood, on receipt of urgent calls by 'phone and wire from the studio chieftain. The film was about to go into production, and Mr. Sinclair was needed immediately. He arrived in Movietown, breathless after his hurried journey, and immediately telephoned the studio to report his presence. He was put through to the studio chieftain's secretary, said: "Here I am," and asked when he should come and see the chieftain.

There was a slight shivery pause, then the secretary's voice came over the wire: "I'm sorry—but there is no casting to-day." With that she hung up.

If the locale of this story were any place but Hollywood, I should throw it right in the face of the man who told it to me. As it is, I pass it on to you as being quite as likely to be true as most stories one hears around the clubs these days about Hollywood and inhabitants thereof.

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CHATTER

FIVE Barrymores, including two of Ethel's children, will appear in *Rasputin*. . . . Vince Barnett, ex-professional insulter of Hollywood, will be featured in two-reel comedies, following his success in *Scarface*. . . . Elissa Landi's contract with Fox is not to be renewed this time. . . . Renée Adorée is cured of consumption, and is returning to Hollywood to try a "come-back." . . . John Gilbert's £2000-a-week contract expires this autumn, before which he will make one more talkie. . . . Pat Somerset is in trouble again—this time he's the target of a heavy-damage suit for allegedly running over a Hollywood pedestrian.

"I MET A SWELL SEÑORITA"

Anita Page appears before the camera in the fascinating dress of a Spanish dancer, and suggests that fair Spaniards are certainly on the list of preferred blondes. Now a featured player of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Anita Page started her Hollywood career about four years ago with Paramount

Below: Among those enjoying the sunshine at Ibstock Place were Mrs. G. O. Sandys, Sir Duncan Swann, and Lady Swann, and Mr. John Loder

Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget's Garden and Swimming Party: On the lawn near the swimming-pool, where several of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies disported themselves in an amusing aquatic display: Miss Yvonne Tilley, Mrs. Reginald Tilley, Miss Beryl Tilley, and Miss Griselda Gould

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

WREATHS are being worn again, but they are not always attractive to their wearers. Lady Ravensdale has one of large coloured daisies: she wears it slightly tipped over one eyebrow. A single flower is really the most charming ornament—a fashion started by the Beaton sisters, who had fresh gardenias at the back of their curls. Mrs. Dudley Ward followed with a red gardenia at the side of her dark hair.

IF you could have the best from everyone you know, to make a Venus, which and what would you choose? I would like Lady Diana Cooper's skin, Lady Weymouth's nose, Mrs. Richard Norton's eyes, Lady Bridget Poulett's mouth. Of course, I would want Lady Louis Mountbatten's legs, Lady Plunket's little feet, and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid's perfect hands.

LADY DUNN'S new cream-and-blue car is very "film star"—but, then, she is Irene Richards.

SUNSTREAKED hair has swept over everyone's head, it seems. I like Lady Scarsdale's sun-kissed waves; Lady Delamere's wide and long gold streak is becoming; Mrs. Bobbie Howes has the same effect on her raven locks. The Ruthven twins—I can't mention their married names—have a most effective curled shingle, with each curl a golden wave. I'm getting quite poetical; just listen!

HAVE you seen—
Lord Portarlington's new car?
Lady Furness's black gloves?
Miss Olive Plunket's engagement ring?
Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper's single-strap brown dress?

HAVE you heard—
The latest Piccadilly story?
Lady Dashwood talk Italian?
Sir Robert Throckmorton laugh?
Mr. Eric Hatry's conversation?

"GOOSEY, Goosey Gander, whither did you wander?"
"Upstairs, yes, upstairs, into ————'s chamber.
There I found an old man . . ."
Sorry, I forgot you all know about it!

DO men mind being called stout? I'll write down the names of a few stout peers and see: Lord Portarlington, Lord Elmley, Lord Brecknock, Lord Elveden; now, if I mention fat peeresses, there will be screams of fury. The following are not very thin . . . No, no—I've lost my nerve.

DO you want to know the four women I consider to have character, personality, and yet be really charming? Lady Diana Cooper, Lady Londonderry, Lady Scarsdale, Lady Weymouth.

ASK young Mayfair to translate the following—
The Cat—and the Fiddle.
Escape.
Love's Labour Lost.
Intimate Relations.

READ the adjectives of Beauty: Beautiful—*Lady Nunburnholme;* pretty—*Mrs. Drogo Montagu;* handsome—*Lady Juliet Duff;* lovely—*Mrs. James Beck;* graceful—*Lady Veronica Hornby;* delicate—*Lady Anne Wellesley;* comely—*Lady Diana Wellesley;* elegant—*Miss Katherine Horlick;* picturesque—*Miss Tilly Losch.*

THE biggest hat this season has been worn by Lady Dufferin; the most backless dress by Mrs. Colclough; the most astounding get-up by Miss Rosemary Glyn and Lady Alexander—dead-heated; the prettiest tulle dress, Miss Nancy Beaton; the hat at the sharpest angle—Lady Buchanan-Jardine.

At Ibstock Place, Roehampton

Lady Joan Peake, at the back, with Lord Decies and Miss Winifred Paget, who avoids sunstroke and starts a new fashion in headgear by borrowing Lord Decies' hat

Above, right: Lord Vernon was one of the bathers, and was photographed talking to Miss Marjorie Mayes, before he went into the water

Below: Three of Major and Mrs. Paget's non-swimming guests were General Sir William Fry, the Hon. Joan Marjoribanks, and Mrs. Claude Leigh

Photos by Arthur Owen

And among the swimmers who took advantage of the lovely open-air bath were Miss Joy Spring, Mr. John Smiley, Miss Pearl Argyll, and Sir Hugh Smiley

THE season's dust-bin—two broken hearts, a few cracked ditto, a Rolls-Royce, a jeweller's bill; a merciful release; a writ, two writs, a summons; a home for sale; two bachelors back in circulation; a narrow squeak; and an altered will. That doesn't fill it, but it's enough to go on with, I think.

MISS EILEEN BROUGHAM dresses very well; she is one of the smartest of the ex-débutantes. She has a bright, gay manner, and dances beautifully; also, her feet are the envy of all her friends, and how very, very, envious friends can be.

CONGRATULATIONS to popular young Mayfair couples. Coming events cast their shadows before them.

THE most sought after of our visitors is Joan Crawford; but Noel Coward has entertained her royally. Her husband, Douglas Fairbanks jnr., is charming. Noel is a perfect host—if he gives a party, it is a good one, but he doesn't bombard his guests with party upon party. Joan is the most unspoilt star in Hollywood, and Noel is easily the most unspoilt personality in London

I'M so glad brave women now look lovely and feminine. At one time, to be impressive they had to be hearty, masculine, and hideous! Lady Brougham is fair, charming, beautifully dressed, and a big-game expert. Lady Delamere has travelled far and wide: she is slim, graceful, fragile-looking, and very smart.

HE forgot his cigarette-case—but, oh, how she could lie!

HOW good-looking Captain Euan Wallace is! He is often about with his attractive wife, whose pale-blue eyes are the same colour as Lady Diana Cooper's. Mrs. Euan Wallace is great friends with Lady Stanley and Lady Blandford, and is generally to be seen racing with them. In fact, they are quite a little set on their own.

TALKING of Lady Diana Cooper, if she is a perfect Madonna—which she is—her two nieces, Lady Isobel and Lady Ursula Manners, should be made to appear as angels. They are the perfect type and look as if they had stepped straight out of an early Italian masterpiece.

HOW few women have any hair left—long hair, I mean. Mrs. Sydney Vanden Berg has clung to her lovely golden locks, but she is almost unique. An ex-débutante, Miss Betty Kerr-Smillie, has two tiny buns, and beautiful Mrs. Oswald Birley has a huge coil of hair arranged at the nape of her neck. Otherwise, who is there with enough crowning glory to boast about?

A. Owen

Taking the Pool

Miss Joy Spring—and very aptly named—who is one of Mr. Cochran's young ladies, takes a flying leap into the swimming pool in the grounds of Ibstock Place, Roehampton

If Gossip We Must . . .

The Royal Garden Party—Ottawa—That Civil List—Non-Stop Variety

PRESUMABLY, on the loyal principle that one saves the good things to the last (just as when we were at school we put on one side, like the gluttonous little wretches we were, a tit-bit to be consumed as a final delight), the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace is considered to be the wind-up of the season.

LESS loyal is the tendency to consider it of little or no intrinsic importance, from the social point of view, just because an immense number of people are, for official reasons, invited to it. Also, because Bright Young Things, qua Bright Young Things, do not attend. Nor do the guests array themselves as babies or schoolchildren, or choirboys, or convicts, make incredible asses of themselves, and hand over votes by the tens of thousands to the Left Wing of the Socialist Party.

WHEN that has duly happened, with official effect, the course will be simple. Ask the leaders of the aforesaid Party to the Buckingham Palace one, and all will be well. In foreign countries they line their red-hot politicians up against a wall and shoot them. Here we line them up to shake hands with the King instead. And all goes well. We are still a very sensible country in some ways.

MY outstanding impression of the Garden Party this year was the dignity of the Queen, who looked remarkably handsome; the vigorous and soldierly figure of the octogenarian Duke of Connaught; and the smoothness of the general arrangements. There did not seem to me quite so many guests, and the function merited less than ever the "omnium gatherum" epithet which the disgruntled and the superior have been known to fling at it! That was an advantage. Anyway, I saw Noel Coward and Dean Inge, and thus repaired to the tea tent comforted.

TALKING of the tea, I was interested to read the exclusive information that for weeks the kitchens of the Palace are busy making cakes, that moselle cup comes up from Windsor, that the raspberries are grown at Sandringham, and the rest of it. In point of fact, the whole of the catering arrangements have been for years past in the hands of L——n's.

THE Ottawa Conference opened so well that the unfortunate revelation (that is a story which will make those behind the scenes in Fleet Street and elsewhere laugh for a month more) of undignified happenings on board the "Empress of Britain" may be considered to have been expiated. Mr. Baldwin, like Todgers, can "do it well" when occasion calls. I do not think that there was a vast amount of regret in his speech to the effect that complete Empire Free Trade is not possible, for he is not, and never has been, a Protectionist at heart. He only dallies with Protection when nudged in the back by colleagues—and "nudge" is sometimes a euphemism. But he said a number of wise and statesmanlike things.

The tangible result of the preliminary stage of the Conference is that Canada has

Sasha

The Forcing Two!

No, the gentleman at the back is not our Mr. Noel Coward, but Mr. Ely Culbertson, complete with Mrs. Culbertson, who have returned to America after a visit to England. It is unlikely that the famous Bridge players said that they had nothing to declare when challenged by the Customs

Chez Quaglino A. Owen

Sir John Buchanan-Jardine and the Countess of Carnarvon, two of the real racing "regulars," photographed at Quaglino's

Galsworthy at the Garrick

Colin Clive as Matt Denant, the convict in Galsworthy's "Escape," in the bedroom scene with the Shingled Lady, played by Phyllis Konstam

made an honest offer, compatible with protecting her own enterprises. There is far more in this than may at first sight be supposed. The ending of a memorably successful London season has coincided—if one may compare small things with great—with the triumphant opening of something more important than all the London seasons put together.

THE old adage of half a loaf being better than no bread has to be stretched pretty hard when one considers the Civil List Pension list. Were it not for the knowledge that some of the poor souls who receive a pension (quite distinguished souls, some of them) are really in need of literally every penny they can get, one would be inclined to suggest that it would be more dignified to abolish it altogether.

Either the Civil List Pensions are good things, in which case they should be adequate, or they are bad things, which means that they should not exist at all. The present arrangement seems to have sprung from the usual desire to have it both ways.

OF what possible use, with the present lowered value of money, is £50 a year—particularly to people who have not been accustomed to a standard of living which the "services" for which they are rewarded in most cases implies? Some of the more fortunate are rewarded with £60, £80, or even £100 a year; but even that is pathetically inadequate.

It may be argued that the total sum available is £1200 only. The answer to that is that the total sum available should, without delay, be made much larger than that.

COMPARED with the millions that have been poured out on Socialistic and vote-catching schemes for the benefit of those who, for the most part, don't deserve them, even £12,000 a year for the Civil List Pensions would be a mere speck. The Budget could stand that amount without anyone feeling the difference.

The trend, however, has for years past been to shovel out pounds to those who have not earned them, and to be stingy with the ha'pence towards those who have rendered service to the State, or they would not be on the List at all. The Civil Pensions, as they at present exist, are entirely unworthy of the name or the nation, and might surely be dubbed the height of incivility.

Phyllis Stanley

Of whom great things are expected after her performance in "The Miracle," when, as an understudy, she was lucky enough to have a chance of revealing her powers when playing Tilly Losch's part of the Nun

Pensive

A picture of Jane Prinsep, daughter of Marie Löhr, who is appearing in Revuedeville at the Windmill Theatre. She is not as pensive there as she is here

"BOWLERS on top," ran an evening paper's bill last week. Where else could they be worn?

NON-STOP variety is spreading all over the London theatres, just because one of them, which was first in the field with it, made a success.

From my personal experience, non-stop variety is aptly named, for it is variety for which I have found it impossible to stop in my seat for more than a few minutes. For this one can hardly blame the performers, though some of them are pretty feeble. Only a Robot could go on being funny in a theatre in which he or she has to be boxed up for at least eleven hours of the twenty-four.

At Daly's, where the non-stoppage is neither better nor worse than it is elsewhere, they have started a restaurant in the theatre for the performing inmates, who do not have a moment for a meal elsewhere or for a little fresh air. And some of the jests I heard could have done with some fresh air and a thorough disinfecting as well.

Sun-bathing in Portugal

Mrs. Dudley Maddick, sitting in the dazzling sunlight of the Portuguese coast, on the beach at Estoril

BY THORPE

"Surprised, Mr. Chugg? Why, you could have knocked me down with a feather"

At this rate we shall find the living-in system existing in theatres as in drapers' shops, and comedians, as pale as celery, who have never seen the sun, and who, unlike celery, are not improved by frost, living a troglodyte existence.

IT was Mr. E. V. Lucas who, in one of his brilliant essays, argued that the Latin races are impervious to noises and irritations which would set all a-jangle the nerves of us grim, tough Nordics.

After a recent week-end in Dieppe I have come to the conclusion that "E.V." is right. Dieppe, a pleasant old place of which I have always been vastly fond, is at present empty of English visitors, but very full indeed of noise. By the harbour, as habitués (and sons of habitués) will remember, is a line of cafés. In one of them, the Café Suisse, poor Oscar Wilde used to talk with all his old brilliance when he was living at a tiny villa at Berneval nearby, after the débâcle that led him to Reading Gaol.

NEITHER Wilde nor any other talker could talk there now, brilliantly or otherwise, for all conversation is impossible. From each café is bellowed forth from a loud-speaker or a monstrously enlarged gramophone such a din as could, I imagine, be heard half-way to Newhaven. Each establishment seems to turn on a different selection, and none of the stentorian voices or nightmare orchestras agrees with its neighbour.

YET through this pandemonium the good French folk smile contentedly and sip their grenadine. They do not attempt to talk, for they know that if they did they could not be heard. But they are not driven mad and even appear to like it.

Loud-speakers exist in the English pub., but they are not so loud, and as we have not the terrasse system, an infernal concatenation of cacophony is not, the heavens be thanked, possible.

THE END OF THE SEASON

(After the manner of C. S. Calverley)

THE blinds are down, the streets are up,
The town is dull, though bright,
Society has left Mayfair,
And now is out of sight,
Endeavouring to get done brown
Beside the Isle of Wight,
Where heavy swells are to the fore
Although the seas are slight,

Whilst those, whose faces now are long,
Because their cash is short,
Remain at home and try to gain
Some solace from the thought
That though they cannot yacht this year
They still can pass the port,
And those who dare not run to Cowes
Can walk to Dogs for sport

Though some may vote an utter frost
Old London's August heat
And pine to float upon the Broads
When walking in the street,
One consolation now awaits
The tired of soul and feet,
For those who can't stand 'bus and train,
At last can get a seat!

B. W.

Mrs. Zita James

Shaw Wildman

It is and It isn't!

A Masterpiece of Imitative Photography

How closely photography can not only copy in design but also create the atmosphere first recorded on canvas by a great artist is seen on this page where, above, is a photograph by Shaw Wildman of Mrs. Zita James, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Richard Guinness, as she appeared at the recent matinée where masterpieces of French art were shown in living-picture form. On the right is a reproduction of the famous picture by Manet, which is now in the possession of Mr. Samuel Courtauld

"Le Bar des Folies-Bergère," by Manet

"Sit Down to that Nourishment which is Called S
Celebrities—any night—at the Café de Paris

Mrs. J. W. Dean, or as the world knows her, Fannie Ward, was supping at the Café de Paris with her husband

And Mr. Jack Dean, Fannie Ward's husband, was seen supping at the Café de Paris with his wife

Sitting up in the gallery, where it is possible, without dressing, to eat, drink, watch the dancers and see the Cabaret, unchanged: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Horlick, Mr. C. Birkin, and Miss Desirée Latour

M. Poulsen watches over some of his "regulars," this time at the Café de Paris: Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Mr. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, Miss Rose Bingham, and Mr. John Finlay sitting at the table; on the extreme left, Lady Plunket, with Sir Henry Birkin bending his head towards her, and on the right, Lady Bridget Poulett turning disdainfully away from the Marques de Casa Maury

Supper"

At the Café de Paris, when the camera arrived there during its nocturnal prowls: Mr. J. Gresham and Miss Ulrica Thynne

Two more of the camera's victims who look very pleased with life are Sir Robert Throckmorton and Mrs. Livingstone Potter

SKETCHES BY J. H. ROUSON

Right: A family party of three, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Coventry, with her son, Mr. Victor Coventry, and her niece, Miss Diana Coventry

Photographs by Swaebe

Beauty, What Art Thou?

And all the Best of East and West Meet in Their Aspect and Their Eyes

Claude Harris

Mrs. Constant Lambert

A new portrait of the beautiful Javanese wife of Mr. Constant Lambert, the composer. Mr. Lambert, who is an Australian, wrote, before he was twenty, "Romeo and Juliet," the first English ballet produced by Diaghileff. He was much to the fore during the Camargo season; "Rio Grande" is his best-known work

Tunbridge

Miss Gwen Stallard

Left: Miss Gwen Stallard is better known to the world at large as "Miss England," having been chosen, out of hundreds of competitors, to represent this country in the Beauty Competition in Paris for the title of "Miss Europe." She missed this by one vote, and is now competing in Belgium, where it is hoped that her fair beauty will win for her the title of "Miss Universe"

Introducing

Eleanor E. Helme

who writes the first of a Weekly Series of Letters on

Women's Golf

Miss Helme, in the official guise, so familiar to the many competitors who have taken part in the "Britannia and Eve" Foursomes, now taken over by "The Bystander"

"Bystander" Club Competition

(See page 240 for Results)

For the greatest number of cards, relative to its membership, returned by one club for THE BYSTANDER *spoons, each month. A Challenge Cup and memento are also given for the greatest number of cards, relative to membership, during the year, and the three leading clubs are presented with prizes to be subsequently competed for by their own members. Full particulars on application. One coupon entitles a player to send any number of cards during the current month.*

In addition to the above, from August to December, 1932, the three leading clubs each month will each receive three gold *Eve* brooches, to mark the change-over from *Britannia and Eve to* THE BYSTANDER.

Clubs may use these brooches as they like, but it is suggested that they might go to the three members who have returned the greatest number of cards for the winning total.

DEAR BYSTANDER,

Here I am again, bursting to discuss all the great golfing events which have happened since I wrote you last, after the Scottish Foursomes. I suppose I mustn't go right back to Cruden Bay, that delicious spot where I was then, and tell you what an absolutely worthy Scottish champion Mrs. Andrew Holm is, nor how grandly Mrs. Coats fought her right through the longest championship final of history?

What you really want is for me to give you an idea of how I mean to carry on in this paper now that *Britannia and Eve* has handed over me and all its competitions, lock, stock, and barrel, to the tender mercies of THE BYSTANDER.

WELL, knowing that those mercies are tender, I mean emphatically to carry on those competitions just exactly as before, with a minimum of fuss and ferocity. I will still do my best to conjure partners from the vasty deep for those who find themselves short of the essentials; I will allow them to substitute fresh partners for their original ones—if only they will be so kind as to let me know in advance if possible; I will conceal my dismay when somebody, not having let me know, brings a fresh partner, an altered handicap and a million queries all at the same moment to the starting tent. If there are not boxes of chocolates nowadays for everybody, there shall still be a mouthful or two on the first tee to steady the chattering teeth of nervous starters, or stifle the sobs of defeated ones as they hand in their result. There will still be the same cups, the same replicas and—well, not just the same, for that would be dull, but similar, prizes.

Mrs. G. Playford and Mrs. H. W. Johnson, winners of the prizes presented to their Club, Thonock, by "Britannia and Eve," in connection with the Club Competition

In fact, what will be in a name? BYSTANDER Foursomes will be exactly the same as *Britannia and Eve*, just as *Britannia and Eve* were the same as *Eve*, and *Eve* as their old forerunners, *Ladies' Field*—four days of not too grim struggles, with prizes for all who live till the fourth.

THE entrance form is on this page, so that my postbag will no doubt be overflowing from now until September 15th, when entries close. You, my faithful correspondent, will probably read through the conditions and find something a little different. That anybody else will read them, I doubt. I am sorry, but ten years receiving of entries leads one to the sad and cynical conviction that only a limited number of golfers can write, and that if they *can* all read, not many do.

The alteration means that if there should *not* be a waiting list of hungry souls anxious to arrive in Ranelagh or Roehampton, then any couple whose opponents scratch will really get a walk-over, not a brand new pair of opponents transplanted from Roehampton to Ranelagh, nor from the waiting list to Roehampton.

OF course, there may be a waiting list as long as my arm again. Lausanne, Ottawa, War Loan, the Lambeth Bridge—as far as I, straight from the Hielands, can glean from the conversation of folk more intellectual than myself, this varied collection all mean that THINGS IS LOOKING UP. If they really look up so that everybody is prosperous by then, the Autumn Foursomes will have a bumper entry again. Of which the moral is—enter now, for if there are several couples of the same joint handicap, then priority of entry will decide which play where, or whether they merely wait on the waiting list. So, nothing remains for Foursomeites but to enter.

AS to the Girls' Championship, conditions and entry form are on page 240. Here haste is really imperative. It is the first 64 girls, who will be under 19 years old on September 13th, whose entries will be accepted. One more word about ourselves. The monthy spoons will go on just as they did in *Britannia and Eve*, so will the inter-club competition. You know what that means: spoons for the thirty best net returns in each L.G.U. division during the month, relative to the par of the courses.

ALSO the inter-club competition will still go on, the greatest number of cards relative to its numbers of members, sent in by one club, with prizes each month, culminating in a yearly challenge cup, plus prizes given to the three first clubs which they compete for as they like in their own club. Langholm and Thonock, who were second and third last year, have just had their competitions. At Langholm, thirty-six holes medal play under handicap was the order of the day, and Miss J. Graham and Mrs. J. C. Bell, with 156 and 159 respectively, carried off the cake stand and the cake basket.

At Thonock, nothing less strenuous than three medal rounds were deemed sufficient to decide the destination of the hot-water jug and the butter-dish. Mrs. G. Playford (nine) and Mrs. H. W. Johnson (twenty-four) eventually carried them off.

The June results are on page 240; with Thonock heading them; the July ones will follow next week. The race for the yearly challenge cup goes on hot and strong, but I do not suppose you would like me to make a book on it, would you? If I were to. . . . But never mind that. What I should like to see is some of the really big clubs, the ones that have hundreds of cards in during a month, competing. Royal Mid-Surrey now, or Aberdeen, or Ringway. . . . What about it?

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

"The Bystander's" Autumn Foursomes

See page 240 for conditions.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1932 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2 not later than Thursday, September 15th.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. } .....*of*.....*Club*
Miss }
L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....
To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. } .....*of*.....*Club*
Miss }
L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....
Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above addresss

Kay Vaughan

Miss Anita Leslie, Miss Inez Holden, and Miss Winifred Paget. Both Miss Leslie and Miss Holden, who are cousins, have written books

Books of the Day

The First Woman Doctor: A Child Critic

By "Junius"

ALTHOUGH the late General Sir John Maxwell was not in the first flight of our great soldiers, he showed such sterling attributes in all the work with which he was entrusted that his life, *General Sir John Maxwell* (John Murray; 15*s.*), by Sir George Arthur, was well worth the writing.

Sir John Maxwell was Chief Staff Officer to the Duke of Connaught in Ireland, again for four and a-half years when the Duke was Inspector-General of the Forces, and also for the first year of the Duke's command in the Mediterranean. In a Foreword the Duke writes: "The good results which seldom failed to wait on his efforts were perhaps due in equal measure to ingrained shrewdness and an intense love for human nature. . . . When he died I lost a dear friend in whom I had implicit confidence, and whom I held in the highest esteem."

But it was in Egypt, where he commanded our forces from 1908 to 1912, and again for the first eighteen months of the war, that Sir John did his best work, which was crowned by his quelling the insurrection in Ireland in 1916. Within two days of his arrival in Dublin, the insurrection was at an end. This portion of the book I have found the most interesting of all, because it gives us a record of events in Ireland at that time, events of which the general public were ignorant.

Sir George Arthur has a genius for writing biography. This book could not possibly have been better done.

PERSONALLY, I am not attracted by biographies which have to fill in lack of material with imaginative details. They generally fall heavily between the stools of fact and fiction. But I must admit that Miss Olga Racster and Miss Jessica Grove have combined the two with convincing skill in *Dr. James Barry: Her Secret Story* (Gerald Howe; 8*s.* 6*d.*).

Dr. James Barry was a woman—actually the first woman doctor—who spent her life as an Army surgeon, and died at the age of seventy as Inspector-General of Military Hospitals. Throughout the whole of her career her sex was never suspected. Her death certificate was given for a man, and she was buried as a man in Kensal Green Cemetery in 1865, although the post-mortem revealed the truth.

It is an amazing story of a woman who was described as "the most skilful of physicians, and the most wayward of men," dealing chiefly with Barry's life at the Cape, where "he" was household physician to the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset. According to the writers, Lord Charles was the only person who knew the secret. An unhappy marriage was the cause of "James Barry" assuming male disguise and becoming a doctor. As I have said, fact and fiction are skilfully blended, the fiction itself being natural deduction from the known historical facts.

MR. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL was well-advised not to touch *An Impending Sword* (Stanley Paul; 5*s.*). The story was published, serially, both in America and England, thirty-six years ago, but it might have been written yesterday. The menace hanging over the lives of Mark Gerard and his family, the breathless adventures and complications, and the unexpected ending, make a most thrilling story.

Mrs. Mordaunt has the happy gift of interesting her readers in ordinary, everyday people so deeply that they become her readers' friends. In *Cross Winds* (Secker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), you follow Francis Graeme and Lilith Blair from their childhood's friendship to their short meeting years later, and then, finally, to their marriage, as you would follow the lives of two intimates.

No matter where Mrs. Mordaunt lays her scenes—Francis's home, the bungalow where Lilith lives with her mother, Java with its tropical beauty and enervation—the pictures are clear and sharply cut. In fact, they are an essential part of a story glittering in colour; of closely observed men and women; a story of deep understanding of human nature.

SOME time ago the *Spectator* set aside a page of Books for Children reviewed by children themselves. One such book was sent to Gillian Hansard, then aged ten. In her preface to *Old Books for New Children* (Heinemann; 3*s.* 6*d.*). she says this book "is something of the same idea, only for older children." She says, too, "I know lots of children of my own age who spend their time reading Edgar Wallace, though tired of him, because they don't know what else to read." So Miss Gillian, who calls herself "A Young Person," sets out to give her opinions of the work of twenty-six dead authors and eleven living ones.

Myself, I should say this little book will be invaluable to parents, since it shows the reactions of a child's mind to a wide range of literature, and especially to some of the "classics" which so many children are forced to read. For example, Miss Gillian finds *The Vicar of Wakefield* "a ridiculous story." She was sorry when she came to the end of *Everybody's Boswell*. She doesn't think Sir Walter Scott "frantically amusing," but she would rather learn history from him than from a history-book. Harrison Ainsworth is "far less boring than Sir Walter Scott." She confesses that she was so bored by *The Cloister and the Hearth* that she couldn't get beyond the first five chapters.

The moderns have a more kindly reaction with this delightfully outspoken "young person." Wise parents will give this book to their children. It will be a great help to boys and girls who "don't know what to read."

"VISITORS FOR MISS HOWARD" (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Mary Griggs, is a strange, unusual story. Hidden by mists, which only rise at long intervals during the year, there is an island in the South Seas. It has become an island of legend. Two English cousins, Charles and Virginia, staying with relations in those Pacific regions, hear of the island, and, being an adventurous young couple, set forth in search of it, accompanied by another Englishman, Edward Hunter.

Arrived at the island, they find an Englishwoman, Miss Howard, has been living there for twenty years. She is an unwilling hostess, but her house is the only place on the island where the three can stay, and they must remain until the mists lift again. Then you have graphic descriptions of native life, and of the part Alcïa, the King's daughter, who has been educated and taught English by Miss Howard, plays in that life. If probability is strained now and again, you overlook it because Miss Griggs had a new story to tell in a new setting.

A Portfolio of Fashion For the Very Young

Compiled for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Marcus Adams

MISS Jane Bendir, the eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bendir, is already an accomplished horsewoman. She looks particularly attractive in her riding costume, which comes from Busvine. This consists of jodhpurs, a brown check coat, and with this she wears a brown velvet cap

THE small child in the wheelbarrow is wearing a dress of flowered cretonne in pale yellow, patterned in pink and blue. The smocking around the waist is in blue. With this she wears matching knickers and also a sun-bonnet of the same material. The dress and knickers together cost 21/6. The sun-bonnet costs 7/6. From Rowe's of Bond Street

IN the swing sits a little girl wearing a pinafore dress in blue and white striped Tobralco. This is bound in plain blue, and has a sash which crosses at the back and ties with a bow in front. Beneath this she wears a plain white blouse with puff sleeves. A back view is shown on one of the seated figures. This dress costs 44/6 for age six. From Fortnum & Mason

THE elder sister, who boasts seventeen summers, is wearing a crêpe-de-Chine dress trimmed with pleated frills. The tucked guimpe with its turn-down collar and the tiny puffs on the sleeves are of plain white georgette, and so are the pleated frills. This dress comes from Liberty's and may be obtained in hand-printed crêpe-de-Chine. It costs 8 Gns.

THREE flounces distinguish the dress of the maiden whose back is turned to us. It is made of Golden Bird silk, a new British material which can be obtained in a wide variety of lovely colours, both patterned and plain, all of them guaranteed fast. This dress is of salmon pink, and has tiny capes instead of sleeves. Price 79/6. From Liberty

All on a Summer's Day

THE small boy pulling the rope of the swing wears a suit consisting of plain brown flannel trousers and a shirt of brown and white checked washing silk. This suit may also be obtained in Air-Force blue, with blue and white checked shirt to match. It costs 57/6 for a boy of five years, and may be obtained from the children's department at Fortnum and Mason

THE little girl feeding the swan refuses to take off her coat, because it is a new one from the new ready-to-wear department for the very young at Fortnum and Mason. It can be obtained in green, red or brown woollen material and is trimmed with six nickel buttons. It costs 59/6 for a girl of eight years. The hat is made of the same material, price 19/6

THE small boy who longs to paddle in the lake is wearing a suit consisting of a green and white striped cotton blouse and linen knickers of a darker shade of green. This suit can be obtained in a range of colours, and costs only 11/6 complete for sizes 2-4. It comes from Rowe's of Bond Street, where many other similar bargains are to be found

HIS older sister is wearing a pale blue chiffon dress, patterned with a design of tiny roses. This has a tight-fitting bodice and a fichu edged with a frill which is caught in front with a posy of forget-me-nots and gold filigree lace. The skirt is trimmed with four frills. This comes from the juvenile department at Liberty's, and costs 10½ guineas

Party Clothes for Small People

A tea-party for two is an excuse for one's prettiest frills and furbelows. The little girl sitting on the cushion wears a cream coloured organdie dress, trimmed with real lace to match, and tied with a wide satin sash of the palest lavender blue. The standing figure has a pale pink dress, tied with a bow at the back and edged with frills of the same material. Harvey Nichols

(Left)

A SUMMER ensemble for very nearly a two-year-old consists of a pale pink broderie anglaise dress and a tiny jacket and bonnet of the same material. Lace edging and pink bows complete a very festive costume. From Debenham and Freebody

(Right)

TINY buttons fasten this pink organdie dress, which has the smallest of puff sleeves and a blue satin sash. It is edged with narrow lace, and is exquisitely made. It comes from the children's department of Harvey Nichols

Photographs by the Marcus Adams Children's Studio

Sussex v. Lancashire

F. Watson (Lancashire) who, after being dropped at the wicket, went on to make 85 on the Hove County Ground, is seen above trying to get a ball from Wensley away to leg

Howard Marshall on Cricket

The Days that are Past!

AUGUST brings us to the mellow days of cricket, and I am thinking not so much of the county game as of the doings of the clubs. It is true that this is the Canterbury Week, most delightful of festivals, and that there will be many enthusiasts gathered at Lord's this morning for the match between the Army and the Public Schools, but the season of tours is upon us, with its memories of the Saffrons at Eastbourne, and pleasant grounds throughout the south country.

When all is said and done, there is nothing like club cricket, and here the most pessimistic critic can find no cause for complaint, whether he be thinking of Butterflies, Harlequins, or I Z., or of less illustrious, but no less admirable touring sides.

I SUPPOSE most of us have tucked away in our minds recollections of these tours, days at Hastings or Tunbridge Wells, when the sun blazed down and runs came fast upon the dry turf, and I always think most happily of a fortnight in Dorset, where country house and village cricket were mixed judiciously.

There were grim struggles on lovely little grounds, where a ball hit over mid-off's head would be lost in knee-deep grass—once I caught a man at square-leg in a hollow so profound that the batsman could not see me—and there were more sophisticated games when the butler carried out our drinks with appropriate dignity, and the conversation in the deck-chairs was not confined to cricket.

Glorious days, those were, and I remember, too, playing in a sea-mist, surrounded by mournful cows, on a field between the Sussex Downs and a village green in Surrey, ten yards from a main road, and a match on Broad Halfpenny, the home of the famous Hambledon club.

AND as just now I wrote the name of Hambledon, I could not help leaving my desk and turning again to the old cricket records, to Pycroft and Nyven and Mitford, though perhaps I should return to the less romantic present. But how splendidly they wrote, those worthy men! They tempt me, and my resistance to temptation of any kind is very frail, they tempt me to leave Test matches and the county championship for the brief space of this article at least.

I LIKE to think of the Rev. James Pycroft playing in the 1836 'Varsity match, when forty-four wides were bowled, and there were ninety-five byes and ten no-balls. And I like also to recall his remark when he was playing his last game for the Lansdown club. His eye was not so sure as it had been in his youth, and one of his opponents kept remarking as he failed to hit the ball: "What a shave! What a fluke!" And Pycroft, when he could bear the taunts no longer, suddenly broke out with "I 'll tell you what, gentlemen; I am here to guard three stumps, and not five, so I claim to play accordingly"—an answer which many batsmen would be glad to make to the pavilion critics.

MIND you, cricket, in those days, was a scientific game, even in the eighteenth century, when the Winchelsea eleven played in silver-laced hats, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes. They had their lectures on the science of batsmanship, moreover, for it is on record that Harry Hall, a ginger-bread baker of Farnham, went about preaching the need for keeping the left elbow up in the best Jardine manner.

Silver Billy Beldham was one of the first exponents of going out to the pitch of the ball, though when his father first saw him play forward he shouted, in mingled astonishment and anger, "Hey! Hey! Boy—what is this? Do you call that play?"

Silver Billy did, and I wish some of our modern batsmen would remember his advice, to "Judge your ball, and when the least overpitched, go in and hit her away."

What Beldham would have thought of our use of the pads in defence, I don't know, but it is reasonable to suppose that he would scorn it, judging by his remark that "the law for l.b.w. was not passed till 1774, nor much wanted, until one of our best hitters was shabby enough to put his leg in the way, and take advantage of the bowlers."

"SHABBY" is the right word, though in Beldham's time there were even shabbier sides to the game. We have at least turned the bookies out of Lord's, but a hundred years ago gambling on cricket ruined many matches, Betting was heavy, and players were squared, though when a Baronet unnamed approached Alfred Myn, that fine fellow said, with pardonable melodramatic emphasis, "Get out of my sight, or Baronet as you are, I am sure I shall be knocking you down."

Fortunately, the Alfred Myns prevailed, and we can turn happily to other cricketers, to John Small, for example, the Bradman of his period, of whom it is recorded in 1772 that "Lumpy had the honour of bowling him out, which had not been done for some years." Small's wife always came to watch him play, bringing with her an enormous green umbrella, which she would flourish wildly to signal her husband's hits, shouting as she did so, "Run, man, run; you 'll be out!" A modern Mrs. Small would be popular, I think, at Lord's to-day.

The Nawab of Pataudi

who has been showing wonderful form, is spoken of—but not, as yet, by the Selection Committee—as one of the team to visit Australia

Lenare

Miss Diana Renshaw

Miss Diana Renshaw is the younger daughter of Lady Winifred Renshaw, and a granddaughter of the Earl of Leitrim. Her home is in London, but, her first season over, she will be away visiting in the country during the next few weeks

Lenare

Miss Jean Follett

Miss Jean Follett, who was presented in May, is the only daughter of Lady Mildred Fitzgerald, wife of the Knight of Kerry. Her father, Brig.-Gen. Follett, was killed in the war. Her mother is a sister of the Earl of Dunmore, and Scotland and Devon, where her great friend, Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, lives, are sure to be among her happy hunting grounds for the autumn

Good-bye to all That!

Débutantes who have left their first London Season behind them

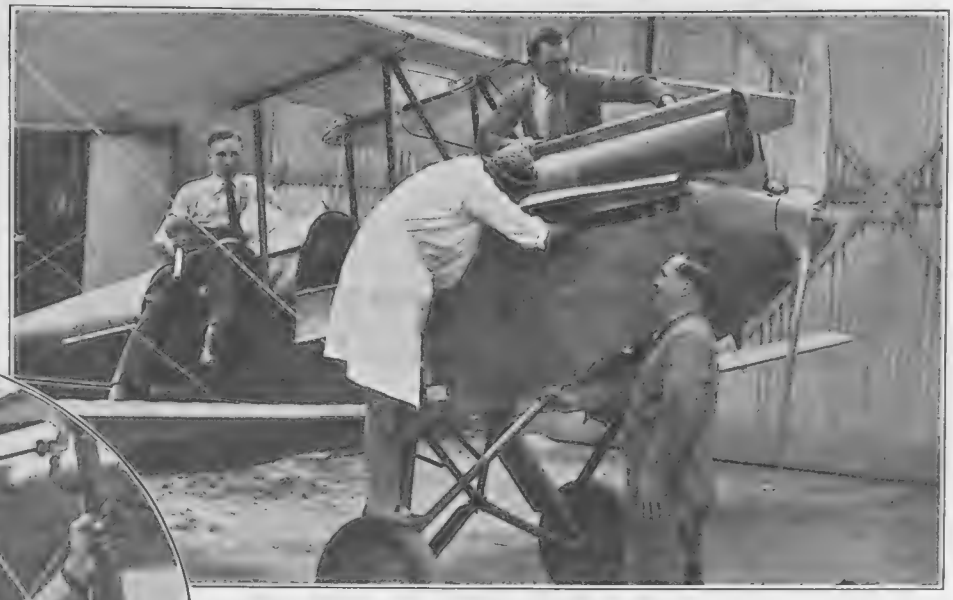
Bassano

Miss Rachel Borthwick

The Hon. Mrs. Algernon Borthwick gave a dance in May for her younger daughter, Miss Rachel Borthwick, who is eighteen this year. Mr. and Mrs. Borthwick have a house at Woodcote, in Oxfordshire, as well as in London, and their débutante daughter will, no doubt, be glad to be back there, now that all the dances and parties of the season are finished

A Flying Club for the Stage and Screen

By Capt. C. E. Ward



Students from the London Aeroplane Club having a lesson at Stag Lane in adjusting a Moth. De Havillands run a Technical School at their main aerodrome, as well as the Flying School at Hatfield. The London Club is one of the largest in England, and uses Moths exclusively

Captain R. S. Rattray, C.B.E., D.Sc., a member of the London Aeroplane Club, who flew out to the Gold Coast by Moth some years ago, and has done a great deal of useful flying throughout the West African Colonies

An Endurance Flight

By the time these notes appear, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce and her husband should be well away on their attempt to beat the world's endurance record. The Windhover is a much larger machine than the Monospar which was to be used originally, and the greater space available has made it possible to carry another pilot, Flight-Lt. J. Pugh, A.F.C., who was to have been in charge of the Comper Swift making weather observations. The Windhover is an amphibian built by Saunders-Roe at Cowes, and one of the series of which the Cutty Sark is the smallest. An invitation has been extended to Mrs. Bruce to carry out re-fuelling over Heston Airport on Sunday next, Aug. 7, and other pilots flying in the vicinity are asked to give way to the Windhover whilst the operation is in progress. The machines carrying fuel and provisions will arrive about 3.30, re-fuelling and engine inspection in the air will last from 4.30 till 5.30, after which Mrs. Bruce will broadcast from her machine to the travelling wireless van equipped with loud speakers which is accompanying her on the tour.

The Heston Club

I have just had a reminder about the Heston Airport Club, membership of which is extremely cheap, and in case there are others who don't know of the facilities available, the following is a brief résumé. An entrance fee of two guineas is charged, members of the Royal Aero Club and serving officers of the R.A.F. excepted, whilst the subscription is one guinea per annum. Members of private flying clubs elsewhere can become honorary members, entitling them to full club privileges on application. There is always plenty to see and do at Heston, where a very good restaurant, a long bar and lounges are provided in the central club building. A special feature has been introduced for Sunday nights, dinner followed by a night flight over London for thirty shillings.

For Stage and Screen

There is now a club for stage and film people at Hatfield, using the aerodrome and buildings of the De Havilland School. Mr. James Raglan, who is in the R.A.F. Reserve, has been mainly responsible for the arrangements, and he shares honorary secretarial duties with Mr. Rivers Oldmeadow, an instructor at the school. Mr. Hugh Wakefield is chairman of the new club, supported by a committee drawn from the acting and flying professions. The subscription for flying members is three guineas, for ordinary members one guinea, with charges for dual and solo fixed at three and two guineas an hour respectively. An inaugural party took place on Sunday, July 24, when a variety programme of flying was staged before a distinguished company. Hatfield is well situated as a flying centre, the aerodrome lying between Hatfield itself and St. Albans, the approach being via the bye-pass from London, which is about three-quarters of an hour's run by car. Records show that there are few days, even in winter, when instruction is impossible owing to bad weather, and there is the additional advantage that the air is less congested north of London.

The Dutch Mail

A new type Fokker is being put into service on the Dutch East Indian mail route between Amsterdam and Batavia. It is built on the usual lines with three Pratt and Whitney Wasp engines developing a total horse-power of nearly 1,300. Unlike most air-liners, all the Dutch machines on this long route have a range of 900 to 1,000 miles, and the higher cruising speed of the new type F.18, which is in excess of 125 miles an hour, will enable the journey to the East Indies to be reduced to one of 9 to 10 days. In Europe, 11 passengers can be carried, and in the tropics from 6 to 8, each one being supplied with a chaise longue, which will make all the difference to comfort when the weather is hot and sticky.

All Aboard for the 9.20

Every week-day, a machine leaves Croydon at 9.20 for Holland, Germany, and Russia, the service being operated by the Deutsche Luft Hansa in conjunction with other foreign companies. On the section between London and Amsterdam, the new four-engined monoplane built by Junkers, and known as the G.38, is on service. In appearance it approaches the flying-wing machine, of which our own Pterodactyl is a true example. The G.38 has a normal fuselage and tail, but the chord of the wing is half the length of the body. Passengers are accommodated on two decks. As an alternative to a tiring train journey, the 9.20 has great possibilities. Helsingfors is reached at 12.40 on the second day out, Moscow at 13.30 and Leningrad at 12 o'clock. The fares to these three places are £23 10s., £28 13s. 6d., and £25 13s. 6d., respectively. Imperial Airways act as agents for Luft Hansa in England.

Beginning a New Series—

Links with Character:

Intimate Impressions of Famous Golf Clubs

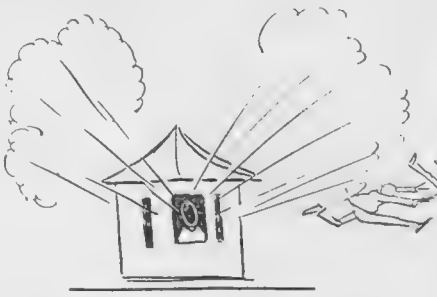
No. 1. St. Andrews

By Gerard Fairlie

Pictured by H. H. Harris

I AM not sure whether one should approach St. Andrews for the first time by train or by car. Personally, my own introduction to that so gaily ancient town was made by means of a motor-car, but it was almost a sacrilege. And steam, years the elder, seems so dreadfully young.

You see, St. Andrews is an old grey town filled with old monastic ruins and old grey houses, filled with scarlet gowns from the university and (strangely enough) shops displaying silken underwear, filled with thoughts of golf and ancient errantry. You can walk through the streets to buy a postage-stamp and ask the way, and be told that the post-office is just a full iron up the street on your left-hand side, just as easily as you can connect, if you have any imagination, the scarlet gowns and silken underwear with the knights of old and their ladies. You must, indeed, be sadly lacking in the inventive faculties if you cannot see the St. Andrews of the past for ever at the elbow of the St. Andrews of the present.



Alexander, the Great Voice

Andrew Kirkaldy, the professional, by the club-house steps, listening to the acoustics of the largest voice in the world—Alexander the Starter

But, as befits the home of the Royal and Ancient, the real reason for St. Andrews is Golf. You can go no further than a mashie shot, be you ever so bad a golfer, without being reminded of the game. You will invariably find a shop with golf clubs, golf balls, golf bags, and/or golf umbrellas invitingly arrayed behind the window: should you fail to notice that, you will see men and girls in tweeds on every side: should you be blind, you will hear snatches of conversation from every gathered group speaking of what the Swilcan did to them, or further on Strath, that wicked little bunker, or even further, the road at the hole to which it gives its name. Not to mention the Station-master's Garden, now a shunting station and a yard full of timber, coal and sheds. Not even to suggest the Valley of Sin, which guards the last green. Even the scarlet gowns of the University imperfectly conceal the plus fours underneath.

It is a place where you daren't even ask the way to the club-house. Although, if you did, you would find each and every one in the group addressed eager to reply.

ST. ANDREWS is curiously meek and helpful. This is odd, because Newmarket knows its place, and so does Lord's. And, let it be clearly understood, so does St. Andrews. But there is a tolerance about St. Andrews which is charming. It is unnecessary to know the breeding of Diadem or Captain Cuttle; it is unnecessary to have seen Bradman, Grace, or Hobbs; it is merely requested quite politely that a club should be swung no matter how much out of the perfect arc. A divot even may be taken, provided it is duly replaced. St. Andrews is scarred but unshaken, old and yet eternally new.

The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews (surely no man has ever thought of a more imposing sequence of mere words, excepting he who was responsible for the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers) has lived throughout the centuries. Critics have averred, in hushed tones, fortified by stimulant, in spite of golfers.

This is not true. St. Andrews is the widowed parent of golf (some say that the deceased father was a Dutchman, but his origin is difficult to trace), and golfers have a charming family loyalty. St. Andrews has made the rules, and still makes them. St. Andrews is the city which is not forbidden to any pilgrim golfer; on the contrary, St. Andrews makes him welcome in every thoughtful way. St. Andrews is not so far from Aberdeen that it does not welcome such incursions.

The Golfing Association of the United States works in unison with the committees of St. Andrews. All the controlling organisations of the game follow the pronouncements of St. Andrews. There was that little matter of steel shafts, but St. Andrews finally agreed. St. Andrews is supreme.

The golfing unions never cease to profess allegiance to St. Andrews. St. Andrews finally agrees, and deals out

Capt. Angus Hambro

Lieut.-Colonel P.G.M. Skene

Above: H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Right: J. Beaumont Pease, Present Captain

A Few of the Captains of the Club

NEXT WEEK:

Gerard Fairlie and H. H. Harris will endeavour to capture the atmosphere of Turnberry.

just a little more of the coil of rope. St. Andrews, in its lustre and its wisdom, sure of loyalty, has no need to care, and knows it very well.

THE club-house is of the grey stone which is the town. It is a building of two storeys, but apart from the satisfaction of the appetite, members are apt to forget this fact. The Big Room is the meeting-place of all and sundry, be it during the day or after the evening meal. Two fires in winter, lying opposite, vie with each other for cheeriness; the lockers all bear the names of famous golfers; the Prince of Wales and Freddie Tait in oils look down upon the throng and smile their benign approval. The waiters, in their navy blue with gold buttons, are ever on the move; tinkling glasses, happy laughter, pipe and cigarette smoke fill the air. There may even be a cigar or two, and a member writing at a desk.

Sir John Simon (right) is another well-known figure on the course. Notice the striking similarity of get-up to W. T. Linskill of St. Andrews, the founder of golf at Cambridge University. He played for Cambridge in 1878-9

But those who wish to correspond, usually filter to the silence-room. This is off the hall by the entrance, and here may be seen not only those who wish to write in peace, but also hushed new members, in the care of their fathers, perhaps, being shown the Crown Jewels of Golf. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews is, of course, the true home of the game's insignia.

There is a safe let into the wall in this silence-room. In it are kept the trophies for which the members, only on those few occasions in the year, ever approach enmity. First and foremost, of course, is the silver club given to the club by the subscribed effort of certain members in seventeen hundred and something (I am writing from memory, and I cannot risk an exact date), from which are suspended for each captain of the club an exact replica in silver of a golf ball of the time with the illustrious name engraved upon it. There are three gold balls. These bear the name of Royalty. Then there is the King William the Fourth medal, presented by that sovereign and the first prize of the Autumn meeting. And so on. Down to the Silver Boomerang, presented recently by the Royal Queensland Golf Club—out of loyalty.

THE club is truly the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. King William gave it the words. But King James and a tradesman, playing in partnership against two nobles, gave it its character.

For no club is so democratic, in the best sense of this much misused word. The townsmen of St. Andrews are the hereditary owners of the course, and the club members have certain starting-times allotted to them out of privileged sufferance. The club keeps up the courses, looks after them, and mothers the historic home. The town plays, and plays very well.

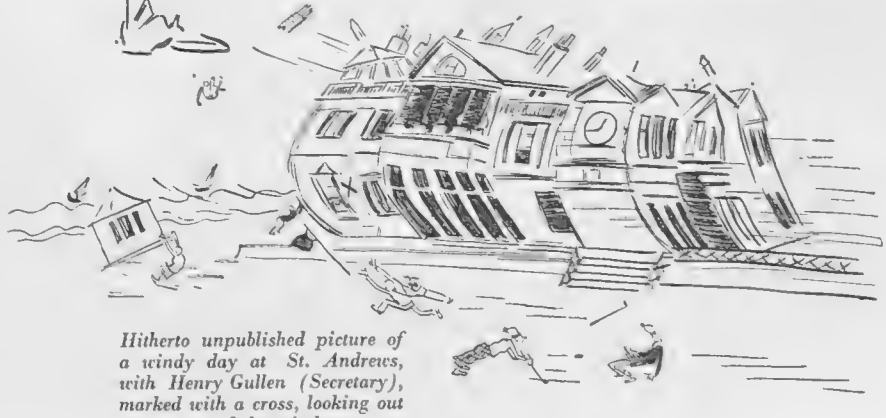
A nasty slice at St. Andrews by a "local"

The members play, too, with varying success, but all with the same enjoyment. And there are days—medal days—when the town keep their clubs at home but come out to watch, just as there are days when the town are in undisputed possession. It is all very harmonious, as a rule.

FROM the immense windows of the Big Room a marvellous view from directly behind the player on the first tee is afforded to the elderly member with fair-weather tendencies. The whole length of the first hole is under review, so that the adventures of an indifferent performer with the Swilcan Burn, which guards the first green, are under observation, and any inaccurate accounts by the fire after the round will be mercilessly questioned. In fact, the player does not really feel himself by himself until he is well along the second fairway, and not after he drives off the last tee. For the last hole, with its terrifying Valley of Sin, lies parallel and is equally under observation. Once in every year, at an alarmingly early hour, members also congregate to see the captain drive himself into office. He is a member who has been chosen by the living ex-captains of the club to follow in their footsteps: he is not elected by vote of the club. Nevertheless, all members are as loyal as if he were their own selected.

THE visitor to St. Andrews had also better be warned that members may not recognise his allusions to disaster in the bunkers guarding such and such a green. He will be, gently and politely, asked if he means the Principal's Nose, or even Hell. Every bunker has its name. St. Andrews is by no means unpleasantly arrogant.

(*Continued on page ii*)



Hitherto unpublished picture of a windy day at St. Andrews, with Henry Gullen (Secretary), marked with a cross, looking out out of the window

Grouse Prospects, 1932.

By Edgar Page,
Editor "The Gamekeeper"

THERE is only one man in a position to report the truth about a grouse moor. He is the head keeper in charge. There are three other persons whose knowledge approximates that of the head keeper. The first is the owner of the moor whose life has been one long association of, and interest in, grouse and moorland development; the second is that gentleman's estate agent or factor—and a factor's word deserves respect; the third person is the hill shepherd whose mind is sufficiently receptive to record the facts before his almost daily observation. Having made the foregoing statement, how is it then that I propose to forecast the prospects of this near-by grouse shooting season? In this wise; I have the goodwill and confidences of all gamekeepers (a trust I am proud of) and their information is supported by my personal study and inspection. I know what it means to be in the position of the man who examines and reports a moor on behalf of a prospective lessee, and once again, this year, I have trod the heather (or, rather, stepped warily among it), well before the 12th, seeking for the various indications of the presence of birds, and endeavouring by careful study of the history of the moor to foretell immediate prospects; there may be many more difficult tasks in this world, but I know of few which require a greater exactitude of information or more care in arriving at a conclusion.

On the way to the butts on Pott Moor, part of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister's shoot over the Swinton Moors, Yorkshire

THE past few summers have been damp and sunless, the winters (comparatively speaking) mild. In particular, were these climatic conditions prevalent during the 1931 summer and winter. Last season the heather bloomed poorly, and although poor bloom is often followed by a renewed growth of heather offering winter feeding for grouse, a good bloom and ripened seed with a hard winter is preferable; the sap is kept down and the spring growth the following year more safe from frost. Ripened seed is a better winter food than green shoots. Last season again, hard and persistent shooting was in many districts prevented by unfavourable weather, and birds being plentiful heavy stocks were left.

ALL reports agree that the grouse faced the laying season in good fettle, and there have been very few signs indeed of disease. Heavy snow in April may have slightly delayed laying, but where it was most severe it was too early to have serious effect. (I should like to hear from any moorland keeper who has ever found grouse eggs before April 10). Heavy rains occurred in places about the middle of May, but again, because of big stocks, their effect on this season's supply of birds need cause little anxiety.

THE month of June for Scotland proved a drought, but this broke in time to save the heather, and there is every prospect heather will bloom well. After the heavy rain and floods we have experienced in England it came as a surprise, almost a shock, to find the merry burns of Scotland parched and songless. In an article of this kind it is easy to generalise, and one must do so to a certain extent, and my next statement is open to that description. Because of the conditions prevalent last winter I do not think any exceptional migration occurred, whether from hill top to low ground or from moor to moor, carrying with it the danger of overcrowding, starvation, and disease.

WHAT of the broods this season? Never have I known birds to lie so close—but they were there. That reminds me of a remark made in a letter of one of my correspondents. He says that he considers it would be a punishment for any man to have to go out on to a moor, and find 100 eggs and be home again by bed-time. Of the reports before me scarcely a man suggests that the size of the broods are below a good normal average, and because of the detail some of these friends have so willingly given me, I am sure that they are speaking openly. I certainly feel sorely tempted to make reference to the very few areas which suffered from local severe weather, and to an odd district or two where small broods and late ones have occurred: there are such, of course, but fortunately few and far between, and it is almost a platitude to say that small broods and cheepers may be found on the high ground.

ANOTHER most interesting fact is that all my reports show an upwards tendency in the number of birds shot during the past three years, except, of course, where something extraneous interfered with the sport in any particular year.

I FEEL justified in assuming that birds this coming season will be plentiful. The great need this year is for a ready supply of sportsmen willing to shoot hard and often, and to remain on the moors until the grouse have been reduced to that safe winter stock. Probably the most difficult problem on a moor is to know and achieve that safe winter stock, year by year. Fortunately, the cloud of economic depression is breaking, and money may be circulating again in time for the at-present many unlet moors to find tenants.

Guns making their way on ponies up to Ramsgill Moor, Yorkshire

AUGUST, 1932

1st to 10th inclusive

1st Bank Holiday. Wild Bird shooting begins. **Racing.** Sandown Park, Chepstow, Birmingham, Newton Abbot. **Yachting.** Cowes Regatta. **Motoring.** Brooklands Meeting. **Shows.** Royal Lancashire Agricultural Society, Preston. Navy Week commences, Southsea.

2nd **Racing.** Brighton, Birmingham, Ripon & Newton Abbot. **Yachting.** R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes. **Shows.** Royal Dublin Horse. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth. **Swimming.** A.S.A. Ladies' Diving, Torquay.

3rd **Racing.** Brighton & Phœnix Park. **Yachting.** R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes. **Shows.** Royal Dublin Horse. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth. **Swimming.** Swimming Gala, Prestwick, Scotland.

4th **Racing.** Brighton. **Yachting.** R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes. **Shows.** Royal Dublin Horse. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth.

5th **Racing.** Lewes and Thirsk. **Yachting.** R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes. **Shows.** Royal Dublin Horse. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth.

6th **Racing.** Lewes, Thirsk and Phœnix Park. **Yachting.** R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes. **Motor Cycle Speedway.** England v. Australia, Crystal Palace. **Greyhound Racing.** Scurry Gold Cup Final, Clapton. **Shows.** Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth.

8th **Racing.** Nottingham and Folkestone. **Lawn Tennis.** All-England Ladies' Doubles Championship, Buxton. **Yachting.** Royal Victoria Y.C., Ryde, Isle of Wight.

9th **Racing.** Nottingham and Folkestone. **Yachting.** Royal Victoria Y.C., Ryde, Isle of Wight. **Lawn Tennis.** All England Ladies' Doubles Championship, Buxton. **Olympic Games.** Swimming Events, Los Angeles, U.S.A.

10th **Racing.** Kempton and Haydock Park. **Shows.** Highland Gathering, Banff, Scotland. Welsh Sheep Dog Trials, Aberystwyth. **Cricket.** Somerset v. All India, Weston-super-Mare.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

The Tidworth Tattoo

A thrilling incident during the Royal Corps of Signals Motor-cycle trick-riding display which is being shown at Tidworth, Hants. The Tattoo is being performed all this week

THE memoranda in my diary are rather terse this week. Looking hopefully at Aug. 1, I am rewarded by Bank Holiday. Lammas Day. Wild Bird Shooting begins. Cowes Regatta. Kent v. Glos. (Canterbury)—quick-fire notes which cover a good deal of ground.

This wild-bird shooting, for example, suggests that I should discuss prospects for the Twelfth, though in these hard times the great trek to the North is not quite so general as it used to be. There are many moors and forests untenanted this year, though doubtless owners are prepared to let at exceptionally low figures, simply to have their moors properly shot. Unless tenants are found, we shall hear distressing tales of disease next summer, and already the reports from Banffshire and Aberdeenshire seem to show that hard shooting is essential.

STILL, on the whole I am told that everything points to a remarkably fine season ahead of us. The weather has been ideal, the hatch was excellent, and the heather is good, and it is not surprising that in Argyll, Dumfriesshire, East Lothian, Inverness, Perth, and Kirkcudbrightshire, they are decidedly optimistic.

BUT it is not the hope of record bags which takes us to the moor or the stream; rather it is the longing for simplicity after artificiality. The gloss of civilisation is still, thank heaven, only a gloss, and beneath the boiled shirt and the high hat splendidly savage instincts are lurking yet. Only when the turf is beneath our feet, and the scents and sounds of the open country are about us, do we feel completely liberated, and the gun and the rod are merely excuses for our return to freedom.

FOR my part, I prefer the rod to the gun, and the sound of running water to the mist on the hill-top; but that is a small matter, and it may be that I am biased at the moment, for I have just been leaning over a bridge. One day I shall write an article, an essay, possibly a whole book, about leaning over bridges. The subject has endless possibilities, for upon the broad surfaces of rivers the thoughts are swept into strange places.

For the moment I am thinking of small, unpretentious bridges, like the one on the road to Itchen Abbas, where in the crystal-clear water of a little chalk stream the plump trout sway poised and alert. In Salisbury, too, there is a bridge, and below it, among the long weed tendrils, lie dark shadows which are monster pike. The river here is the Avon, and where the road crosses it lower down at Fordingbridge there is a pool twenty feet deep, a pool of dark, swirling water, which holds roach and chub by the thousand in late May and early June.

M.C.C. v. Lords and Commons

N. J. D. Moffatt and Capt. F. P. Langton (who scored 80, not out) going out to bat for M.C.C. The match resulted in a tie, each side scoring 178

I MUST wrench myself, from there to this business of the Nawab of Pataudi and the M.C.C. team for Australia. There is no doubt whatever that the Nawab is a good enough cricketer to be chosen by the M.C.C. selectors. In my opinion, he would be the ideal man to partner Sutcliffe. If we stick to the letter of the law, moreover, he is fully qualified to play for England, since he has lived over here for the statutory period of four years. On the other hand, I think myself that this question of qualification needs re-consideration. It seems to me entirely wrong that either Duleepsinhji or the Nawab should play for England. They learnt their cricket here, perhaps, but that has nothing to do with it. The plain fact is that they are Indians, and that they should therefore play for India, and have done with all this nonsense of acquiring nationality by a short term of residence in a country.

THERE are, of course, plenty of precedents, but a precedent is merely an excuse for doing something which should not be done. Qualification—and this applies to all games—should be decided upon birth alone, and then our International sport would become more truly representative. There is the same trouble in Rugby football: Chinamen have played for Wales, and New Zealanders and Australians for Scotland. The tangle is grotesque, and the sooner it is straightened out the better.

SPEAKING of football reminds one that already there are signs that the Soccer season is beginning, which seems to me absurd. Soccer begins too early, and continues too long, and Rugby football is almost as bad. Rugby footballers, moreover, have no excuse, and I wish the Rugby Union would insist that the game should not start until October and that it should end in March. As it is, the Rugby season lasts for eight months, which is ridiculous.

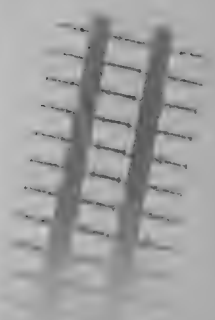
I HEAR, by the way, that extraordinary schemes are afoot for playing Rugby football at night, though more than that I cannot at present disclose. These rumours are a little disquieting, though I imagine that the Rugby Union will keep a firm hand on any proposals which open up possibilities for exploiting the spectacular aspects of the game.

Sasha

Captain J. P. Black, General Manager and Director of the Standard Motor Co., inspecting the car which was designed for the Duke of Gloucester, who lately paid a visit to inspect the Standard factory at Canley, and to take delivery of this 1933 six-cylinder Saloon

A message from the heart of England

..TO THE WORLD!



You remember the announcement of the 1932 Standard cars? How wonderfully they were received by the whole world? How, in a year of thrift and cautious spending, they leapt into fame? And now—with five more months of 1932 to go, the 1933 Standards are here. Not only *announced* to the world, but already the choice of many thousands of motorists who realise that a series of cars worthy to succeed the 1932 Standards must be good indeed.

Four worthy successors to the 1932 Standards and two magnificent newcomers!

The new Standard "Little Twelve" *Six-Cylinder.*

Here is an entirely new production—a car built on the lines of the Standard "Little Nine" yet with the added power and performance of a six-cylinder engine.

Saloon - - £189
Special Saloon £204
2 or 4 str. Tourer £189

The new Standard "Big Twelve" *Six-Cylinder.*

This newcomer is a big four-seater car with a 13.5 h.p. six-cylinder engine. Apart from its extra power and performance this model closely resembles the 1933 "Big Nine."

Saloon - - £215
Special Saloon £235
2 or 4 str. Tourer £215

The 1933 Standard "Little Nine."

Now equipped with the new four-speed silent third gearbox, 12-volt lighting and starting set, hydraulic shock absorbers, petrol pump, electric petrol gauge on instrument panel and oil filter.

Saloon - - £159
Special Saloon £174
2 or 4 str. Tourer £159

The 1933 Standard "Big Nine."

The many refinements of this popular model include the latest spring and rubber engine mounting and the new flat rear floor with concealed wells, giving added accommodation for tools, etc.

Saloon - - £205
Special Saloon £225
2 or 4 str. Tourer £205

The 1933 Standard "Sixteen" *Six-Cylinder.*

The famous Standard "Sixteen" ready for 1933 with increased wheelbase, longer road springs, enhanced body-work, thermostatically controlled radiator shutters, and even more luxurious equipment, including grouped nipple lubrication.

Saloon - - - £235
Special Saloon - £255
2 or 4 str. Tourer £235

The 1933 Standard "Twenty" *Six-Cylinder*

This magnificent car (which provides sufficient accommodation for two occasional seats making it a seven-seater) is now mounted on an entirely new frame, giving immense increase in rigidity.

Saloon - - £325
Special Saloon £355

1933 STANDARD CARS

All 1933 models fitted with Dunlop tyres. All prices ex works. Send postcard for 1933 literature to: **The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Canley, Coventry.** *West End Showrooms:* **The Car Mart Ltd., 46-50 Park Lane, W.1, & 297-9 Euston Rd., N.W.1**

«

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

A Word About the Golfing Unions

Bertram Eary

W. L. Hope (left), who, playing for the Amateurs against the Professionals, beat E. W. H. Kenyon, in which match the Amateurs put up a good show

Bertram Eary

Arthur Havers (left) and John de Forest going to the 17th green. They finished all square in the Amateurs v. Professionals Match at Mid-Surrey

As The Bystander reaches your breakfast table this morning, you will already most probably be acquainted with certain of the results of the International Matches being played between the four home countries at Troon.

As I hinted last week, I have some torrid words to say on this subject; and I deeply sympathise with such a great golf-course as is Troon of the Ayrshire coast in having to house the meeting. In order to make you fully understand what I am going to say on this subject, it is necessary for me to go back a little into the history of golf. There have been Amateur International matches between England and Scotland for very many years. The match was inaugurated in 1902, and was decided by that brutal form of golf which means that, though a man may think he has won his match by four and three, yet he has to struggle on to win those last three holes for his side and finish seven up if possible—a victory which may set off a tragedy on the part of one of his team mates, since only the number of holes up at the finish of the round count to the side.

This first match was won by Scotland by a margin of seven holes, and was played at Hoylake. From 1903 to 1911 singles only were played, and during the whole of that series England only succeeded in winning on two occasions. In 1912 foursomes only were played in the match, there being five couples on each side, and in that year at Westward Ho! Scotland won by three matches to two. From 1913 to 1921, both inclusive, the match was abandoned, but it was revived in 1922, when eighteen holes foursomes and eighteen holes singles were played. Since then England has been getting her own back and has won many more times than Scotland. Up to this period the match formed a very pleasant prelude to the Amateur Championship, and was always played on the Saturday previous to the opening of the Championship itself. All those who took part thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and in those days selection for any of the countries was deemed a great honour.

More recently Scotland and England have started a series against Ireland, and still more recently Wales has played Ireland and Scotland, and this year is going to play England. But, presumably, in order to create another meeting in an already over-stocked golfing calendar, the Unions of the four countries got together and decided that they would have their Amateur International Matches all together, forming a quadrangular tournament which must last at least three days. They have chosen very wisely with regard to the venue, for Troon is a great golf-course and could scarcely be improved upon. But they have chosen very unwisely indeed in the date which they selected.

By the time that August has come round golfers are definitely in a holiday spirit. The Open Championship signalises the finish of the real competitive season in this country. Golfers will take the trouble to keep themselves in full practice up to the end of this Championship, but by the time that August has come round the lighthearted spirit is very much in evidence and several of those who might be automatic selections to an Amateur International side, have lost all thought of golf and are concerned only with thoughts of other holiday pursuits, such as bathing or yachting, cricket, tennis, shooting or fishing. It is a singular fact that since the Unions have had the selection of their Amateur International sides, they have scarcely ever been able to play a match with the team as originally selected, and this will be more true than ever now that this ridiculous meeting has been inaugurated at a time when golfers don't want to play serious golf and at a period of the year when they are darned well not going to. In other words, selection for an International side now goes to those who would scarcely have been thought of previously, and to refuse to play for one's country no longer requires the slightest hesitation on the part of any amateur golfer.

In the present state of world affairs, men are much too busy with their work to be able to take more than a few short days each year in holiday. They may split these up in order to be able to compete in either the Open or the Amateur Championship, spending the rest of the time with their families by the seaside, if they are married; or, if not, pursuing those other sports in which they are interested.

Unions, both National and County, have much to answer for already in clogging up the golfing calendar with unwanted and unnecessary little events such as National and County Championships. They are only going from bad to worse in inaugurating an event in which few are even interested, and the results of which must, from the composition of the teams, be grossly misleading as to the golfing strength of the countries concerned

Of course, the matches make good copy, and inevitably as a result they will be reported in big type by all the newspapers. This is a pity, because it gives a totally false impression to the general public of the importance of the meeting. It is no exaggeration to say that there are many who regularly compete with distinction in first-class golf who will not be able to tell you the result of the tournament after it is completed, not because of any perverse refusal to look at the papers, but because the results will convey so little that matters to the mind.

St. Andrews got on very well without the Unions. St. Andrews gets on very well in spite of the Unions. When the golfer gets tired of being deprived of opportunities for private encounters, St. Andrews will still get on very nicely, thank you. If they have done nothing else, perhaps the Unions have accomplished this much: demonstrated emphatically the loyalty and affection of golfers as a whole to St. Andrews.

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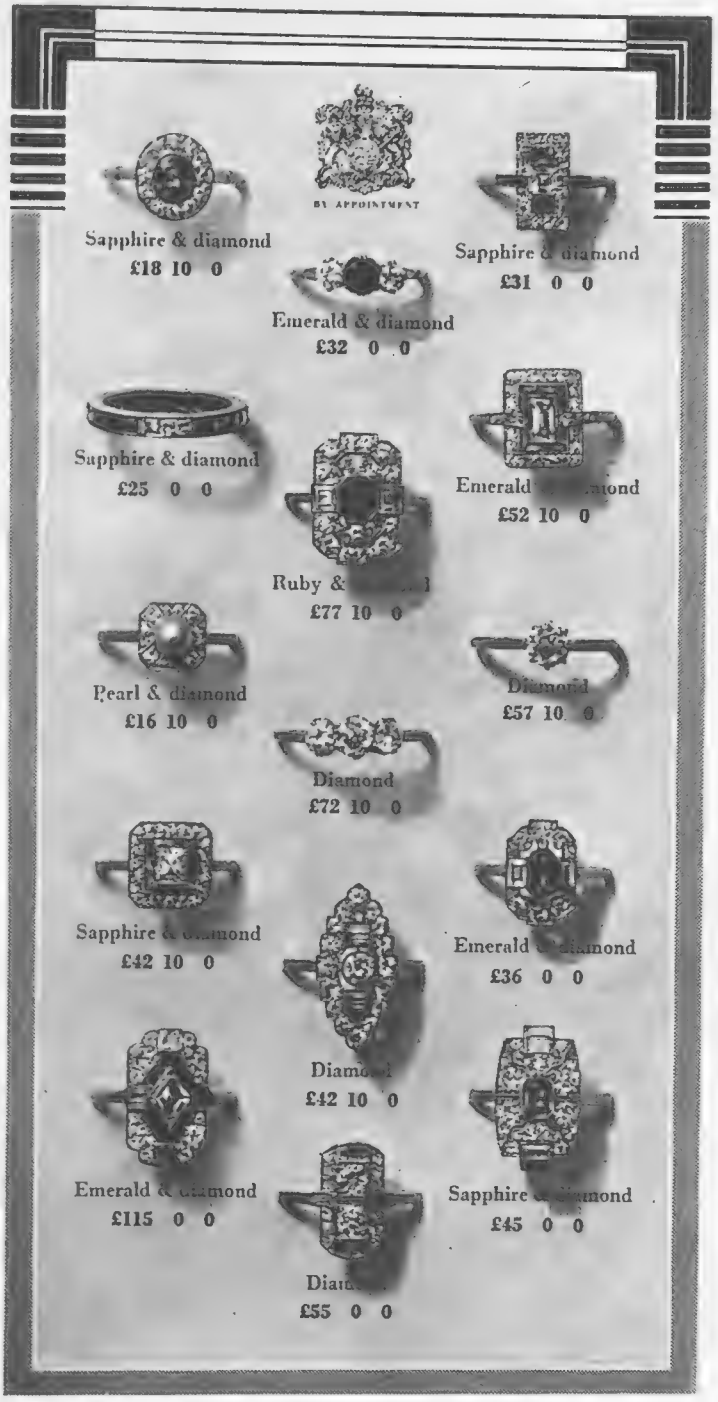

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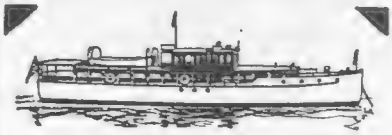

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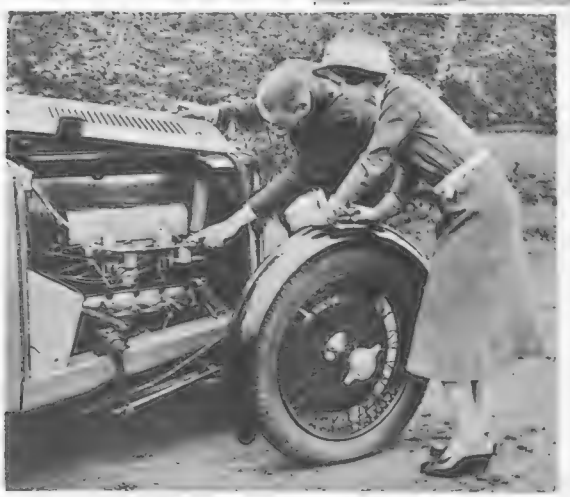
No. 14

The 12-h.p. Aston-Martin

By The Earl of Cardigan

The Aston-Martin, with its clean, sporting lines, looks what it is—a thoroughly lively and sturdy little car



The engine, with its twin carburettors and Nerhead camshaft, is a remarkably efficient unit, giving an unusually high cruising speed with no apparent effort

I START this article with a confession. Until recently, I knew nothing of the Aston-Martin car. I had seen it on the road, I had heard it well spoken of by other drivers, I had read of its racing achievements, but my personal experience of it was literally nil.

My ignorance, however, provided me with an experience of more than ordinary interest. What sort of car is this, I had to ask myself, which has been in production for many years, has never obtained (perhaps has never sought) a wide sale among the majority of motorists, but has remained consistently in favour with a select and critical minority?

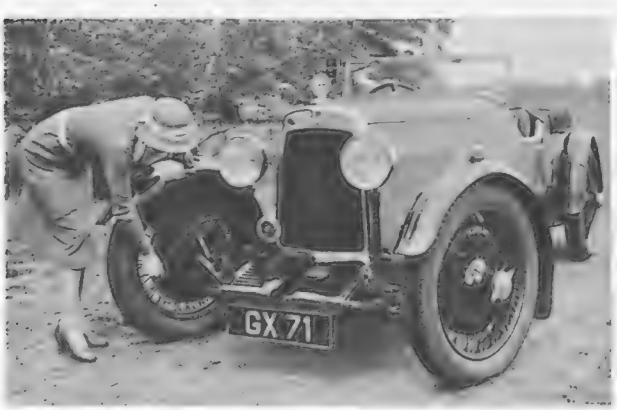
A PRELIMINARY survey established the following facts. The Aston-Martin is a light car of the sporting type, having a highly efficient four-cylinder 12-h.p. engine. Two carburettors are fitted, and the valves are operated by an overhead camshaft. Dry-sump lubrication is employed, the bulk of the oil being carried in a tank separate from the engine and fed to the bearings under pressure. The most popular model is the "International" four-seater open touring car, the price of which is £475.

That the Aston-Martin has many genuinely attractive qualities is at once revealed by a brief test on the open road. Chief among these is the exceptional liveliness and responsiveness of the engine, which gives brisk and cheerful acceleration throughout its range, and has an unusually high and very pleasant cruising speed. I was able at one time to maintain a steady 60 m.p.h. over an open stretch of road, and my impression was that this speed could be kept up all day without damage to the car or discomfort to the passengers.

The gearbox is thoroughly well suited to its job, and has a ratio of about 4½ to 1 in top, and 6½ to 1 in third gear. The maximum speeds in these gears, which are about 70 and 50 m.p.h., are distinctly useful, especially since these figures can be approached closely without the car being "overdriven."

The driving position is comfortable, and the stubby gear-lever comes readily to hand. Other good points are the neat lay-out of the instrument board and the convenient cubby-holes

Another example of accessibility. The battery can be located and inspected in a moment



Below: Accessibility is an admirable feature of this chassis. Brake adjustment can seldom be effected so easily as this

WITH regard to road-holding, this car demonstrates once again the very real advantages derived from road-racing experience. The steering is ideal, and the driver will enjoy a sense of complete confidence either at high speed on the straight stretches or when taking bends and corners on a doubtful surface. The brakes are excellent, and the springing, which is rather aggressively "hard," when travelling slowly, improves consistently with increasing speed, until, when going really fast, it is distinctly good.

In appearance, the Aston-Martin is definitely attractive, having very graceful and well-balanced "lines." The driving position is thoroughly comfortable, with all the controls well placed, and the only coachwork defects are those common to most small sports models, such as an inadequate back seat and insufficient head-room when the hood is raised. On the whole, however, the car has been admirably designed to appeal to those who, within the limits of a small chassis, desire a really sporting and convincing road performance.

CONTROLLED POWER

UNDER a guiding hand, the elephant will pick up a nut or a ton of teak with equal dexterity. Petrol needs a guiding hand also, to place it under full control. Ethyl, by stopping the petrol gas from firing prematurely, cuts out wasteful knocking and ensures steady delivery of power. There is no waste through overheating, and changing gear on hills or in traffic is reduced to a minimum. That is why Pratts Ethyl is the most economical of all motor fuels.

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I Wouldn't: By Lady Kitty Ritson

IF you have ever had a litter of puppies to sell you need not read this article; you will have been through it all yourself, and you will know that I am only speaking the dreary truth. But if you have any beautiful ideas on how delightful it would be to have a bunch of darling little furry pups, with which you would play while they were amusing, and which you would dispose of for large sums when you were tired, then be warned in time!

The moment you have anything to sell you become an object for suspicion. You are suspected of (a) of trying to do somebody down; (b) of knowing some dark secret that you won't reveal; and (c) of being an utter rogue all through.

IT is very exciting after you put your advertisement in the paper. For the first twenty-four hours you listen to every telephone ring with a beating heart, expecting to hear some strange voice begging to be allowed to buy one of your precious beauties. But as the days pass and neither the post nor the telephone bring any glad tidings, you grow a little despondent, and, strangely enough, the darling puppies look much less alluring. When you have almost given up hope the telephone does really produce a phantom voice, which announces languidly that the owner of the said voice will arrive that afternoon to look at your puppies. It adds that it is going to look at several other kennels first. Having left you properly depressed by this news, it rings off, and you wait in the entire afternoon. No sign of any intending purchaser, not even the hoot of a car, disturbs the silence of the afternoon, and you retire to bed, nearly in tears. Incidentally, one of the puppies has very suspicious-looking eyes, and you are convinced that distemper is about to descend upon you.

The Griffon Bruxellois

Champion Emmeline of Lavenderway allows her puppies to take her place of honour in the show basket

THE next day finds you resigned to your fate; you decide to give them all away to happy homes. They seem merry and bright, and you feel that, after all, you would rather give them away and know that they are happy. At this moment a car drives up, and a lovely female descends and says in a nonchalant voice: "I really couldn't get here, yesterday. I'll look at the puppies now. I don't like the look of any I've seen. My husband's cousin, who owns the world's champion (you know, Blank of Blank), says there aren't dogs worth buying just now."

You have never heard of Blank of Blank, but you look half knowing, half secretive, and lead the way to the puppies.

Once again, to your eyes, they look superb, but the Vision says: "Oh, these are all black and tan. I want a grey."

She looks at you as though expecting you to change their colour to oblige her, and by now, you are feeling so cross, that you say sharply: "I hate grey myself, and I haven't any. I am afraid you will have to try somewhere else."

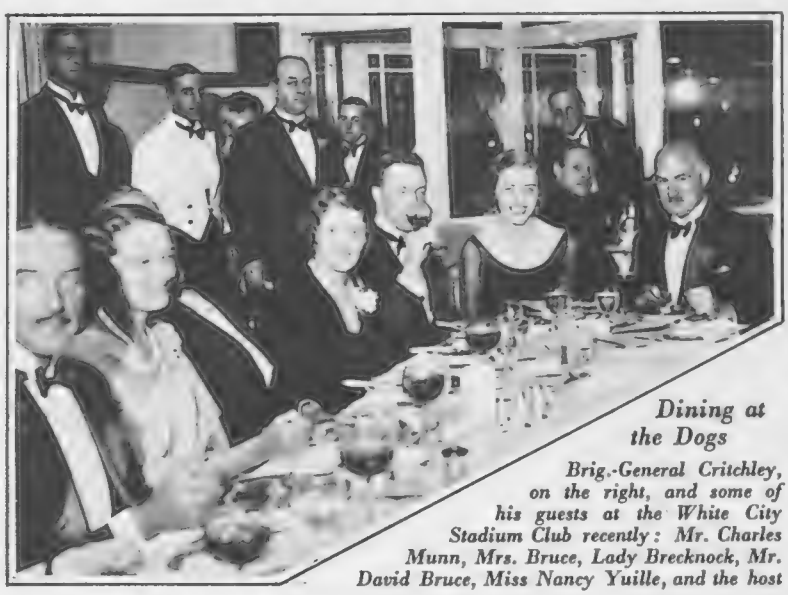
THIS remark has an unexpected effect. The female brightens up and explains that perhaps it doesn't really matter. After all, Blank of Blank was a black and tan. If you will guarantee that "that one" will be a show specimen, she will take it. You explain, wearily, that it is impossible to guarantee anything with a puppy of ten weeks old; but that you think that the other puppy is the better. That decides her. She is certain that you are trying to prevent her from buying the pick of the litter, so pays up and hurries off with her choice.

You retire to sleep it off!

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

ON July 25th last, the track at Belle Vue, Manchester, where greyhound racing started, celebrated the sixth anniversary of its existence. Six years! Not, perhaps, a very long time as compared with the histories of other sports; but all the same just think for a moment of what has happened to greyhound racing in those six years, and of the progress which has been made. It seems to me fairly safe to say that there has never been a sport or a venture of any similar description which has made such rapid strides in popularity with the British public, and, which is infinitely more important, has retained the hold which it has gained.

IT cannot be said, however, that it was at Belle Vue, Manchester, that the first greyhound racing meeting was held in this country. There are not many people, perhaps, who know that greyhound racing was first tried out in a field near the Welsh Harp at Hendon, so far back as September, 1876; but I will have more to say about that next week. For the moment I am interested in the modern venture and will not delve deeply into the history of dog-racing. Belle Vue was opened in July, 1926, and has been responsible for more innovations adopted elsewhere than any other track—a fitting tribute to the parent.



Dining at the Dogs

Brig.-General Critchley, on the right, and some of his guests at the White City Stadium Club recently: Mr. Charles Munn, Mrs. Bruce, Lady Brecknock, Mr. David Bruce, Miss Nancy Yuille, and the host

IN the early days of modern greyhound racing, just as now, Belle Vue had more than a sentimental interest for the colossal numbers who everywhere watch greyhound racing regularly. It is, as it always has been, looked upon as providing all that is best in greyhound racing. Those who go regularly to Belle Vue have probably forgotten the changes that have taken place but should it be possible to plant one member of the British public who was present at that very first meeting, and never since, suddenly in the stand on any evening of to-day, he would scarcely recognise the place. The old number board which used to be in the centre of the track is now in the far end of the stand; the dogs were timed to fifths of a second, instead of hundredths as now; there were no green or red lights to signal to the spectators whether a race had been truly run or not.

ONE of the most attractive things about greyhound racing was given to the world by Belle Vue quite by accident. When the track was first opened, the electric power was not sufficient to sustain both the track and the stand lights at the same time. The power was, of course, subsequently increased, but the practice of putting out the stand lights during a race has been maintained, and it is one that has been followed with great success by every other track throughout the country, for this creates an effect hard to equal.

TO Sir William Gentle and Brig.-General A. C. Critchley the chief credit is due for Belle Vue, but it would be unmindful of me to omit some mention of those "Old Contemptibles," numbering nearly twenty, who have been on the staff of Belle Vue, Manchester, ever since it began its career in 1926.

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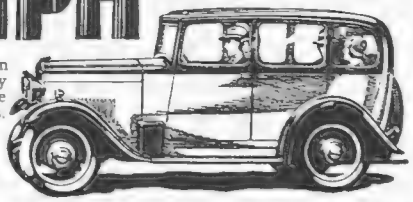

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free please send corot summer fashion guide and full details.
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"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

"The Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(11th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1932

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(8th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1932

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 15th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 15th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BRITANNIA AND EVE Foursomes final during 1931 or 1932, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, be put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists.*

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both Foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme of the change.*

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

Entrance Form is on page 219.

The GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (1932)

(ORGANISED BY "THE BYSTANDER")

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th, and 16th. No Qualifiying Round.

Open to all girls of any nationality who will be under nineteen years of age on September 13th, 1932.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Thursday, September 1st, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below, and will be repeated in the August number.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th and 16th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 15th by players beaten in the first, second and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court who remains in the championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Mothers and chaperones of competitors playing in the championship will be eligible to compete in competitions for handicap prizes presented by THE BYSTANDER, to be played at Stoke Poges on September 14th and 15th. Conditions will be posted at Stoke Poges on September 13th.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 12th.

ACCOMMODATION

Accommodation may be had for competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 18s. per day. Apply to the Manager, Stoke Court.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 15s. per day, or 12s. without lunch. Apply to the Manager, Baylis House.

ROYAL HOTEL, SLOUGH (Trust House). Terms from 16s. per day, inclusive of all meals.

STOKE POGES CLUB HOUSE. Terms 18s. per day. Apply immediately — accommodation very limited—to the Secretary, Stoke Poges Club, Slough.

Early application is recommended to all of these.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

.....*of which I am a member.*

Results of the June Monthly Medal Competition

For the thirty best net scores, relative to the par of the course played on, returned in each L.G.U. handicap division during the summer months. Fifteen spoons in the winter. Full particulars will be sent on application to this paper.

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "The Bystander" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U division of handicaps, namely:—18 and under in the Silver division. 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S. S.
Miss Edith E. Pollock	Ilford	75	11	64	74	10 below
Mrs. O. Keel	Pollards Hill	79	18	61	71	10 ,,
Mrs. J. K. Crook	Birkdale	84	19	65	74	9 ,,
Miss Christian S. Allan	Craigmillar Park	81	16	65	74	9 ,,
Miss Diana Taylor	Seacroft	78	11	67	76	9 ,,
Mrs. L. B. Shipley	G. Yarmouth & Caister	79	13	66	74	8 ,,
Miss G. Wilson Smith	Walsall	84	16	68	76	8 ,,
Mrs. S. Hall	Ashton-under-Lyne	79	16	63	71	8 ,,
Mrs. J. Higgins	Bidston	86	18	68	76	8 ,,
Mrs. Charles Pugsley	Moor Park	84	16	69	77	8 ,,
Miss M. S. Voulcker	Dinsdale Spa	85	18	67	74	7 ,,
Miss Ruth Finch	Ormskirk	83	15	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. C. A. O'Neill	Saltburn-by-the-Sea	81	18	63	70	7 ,,
Miss. Robinson	Trentham	80	12	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. G. Lowe	Ringway	82	15	67	74	7 ,,
Miss Phyllis E. Smith	Notts.	88	18	70	77	7 ,,
Miss M. Titterington	Queensbury	74	13	61	68	7 ,,
Miss Blencowe	Royal Winchester	83	17	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. H. Jackson	Hindley Hall	81	16	65	71	6 ,,
Mrs. A. Holt	North Oxford	83	18	65	71	6 ,,
Miss M. H. Spalding	Cavendish	83	14	69	75	6 ,,
Miss M. L. Spiers	Leighton Buzzard	80	16	64	69	5 ,,
Mrs. Allan Macbeth	Bowdon	77	5	72	77	5 ,,
Miss F. Simpson	Chesterfield	86	18	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. E. Brewer	Cleethorpes	85	18	67	72	5 ,,
Mrs. Trevor Lean	Weston-super-Mare	83	12	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. E. Stoakes	Sandwell Park	81	13	68	73	5 ,,
Miss W. Griffiths	Worsley	80	12	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. G. Morris	Stockport	81	10	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. Walter Greenlees	Cruden Bay	75	2	73	77	4 ,,

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Mrs. Solven	Droitwich	87	34	53	70	17 below
Miss G. Kendra	Middlesborough	92	36	56	72	16 ,,
Mrs. C. G. Benson	Bramhall	95	33	62	75	13 ,,
Mrs. G. R. Coates	Langley Park	99	35	64	77	13 ,,
Miss Winifred D. Parr	Rusheliffe	94	36	58	71	13 ,,
Mrs. P. E. Brabant	Stanton-on-the-Wolds	95	36	59	72	13 ,,
Mrs. R. Ramuz	Rochford Hundred	95	33	62	75	13 ,,
Miss M. Wightman	Swinton Park	100	36	64	77	13 ,,
Mrs. W. F. Lucey	Harrogate	96	34	62	74	12 ,,
Miss Mayinon	Preston	95	36	59	71	12 ,,
Mrs. A. F. Ray	North Surrey	98	36	62	74	12 ,,
Miss H. M. Harper	Welshpool	93	31	62	74	12 ,,
Mrs. Lorna Clamp	Beeston Fields	99	27	68	74	11 ,,
Mrs. M. A. Middleton	Lancaster	99	36	63	74	11 ,,
Miss Hilda Rider-Heath	Flixton	89	26	63	74	11 ,,
Mrs. N. Christopher	Ilford	95	32	63	74	11 ,,
Mrs. T. Hayton	West Cheshire	88	29	59	70	11 ,,
Miss M. M. Jones	Abergele	96	35	61	72	11 ,,
Miss Vera Davies	Haydock Park	86	24	62	73	11 ,,
Mrs. M. Westwood	Horsforth	100	36	64	75	11 ,,
Miss Annie Aitken	Irvine	102	36	66	77	11 ,,
Miss N. K. Deans	Shirley Park	97	31	66	77	11 ,,
Mrs. J. Iredell	Keswick	92	24	68	68	10 ,,
Miss Beryl Cearn	Coulsdon Court	95	29	66	76	10 ,,
Mrs. F. E. Lonsdale	Sherwood Forest	100	34	66	76	10 ,,
Mrs. J. Mellor	Saddleworth	95	34	61	71	10 ,,
Mrs. F. E. Lyrer	Grange Park	91	26	65	75	10 ,,
Mrs. F. M. E. Drake	Erewash Valley	91	27	64	74	10 ,,
Mrs. Alsop	Bidston	100	36	64	74	10 ,,
Miss N. McAuslan	Hartlepool	91	27	64	73	9 ,,

"THE BYSTANDER" Club COMPETITION

Result of the June Monthly Club Competition

Club	Membership.	No. of Cards	Percentage.	Club	Membership.	No. of Cards	Percentage.
Thonock	80	104	130.00	Cleethorpes	60	2	3.33
Langholm	68	80	110.76	Camberley Heath	140	4	2.85
Tamworth	70	70	100.00	Stanton-on-the-Wold	109	3	2.75
Nuneaton	66	43	65.15	Tollygunge (India)	186	5	2.68
Cowes	58	9	15.51	Warrington	150	4	2.68
Bowdon	46	4	8.69	Knott End & Fleetwood	59	1	2.05
Cruden Bay	85	2	5.72	Holywell	42	1	2.38
Trentham	100	5	5.00	Gosforth Park	127	3	2.81
Datchet	60	3	5.00	Kingsthorpe	87	2	2.29
Saltburn-by-the-Sea	127	6	4.72	Beeston Fields	132	3	2.27
La Moye	73	3	4.10	Gosforth	96	2	2.08
Newport, I.O.W.	25	1	4.00	Northampton	144	3	2.08
Whittaker	25	1	4.00	Sherwood Forest	145	3	2.07
Chorley	131	5	3.81	Worsley	150	3	2.00
Manchester	146	5	3.42	Walsall	150	3	2.00

Position of the Leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club	Percentage	Club	Percentage
Langholm	78.92	Cowes	20.87
Tamworth	63.80	La Moye	11.11
Thonock	50.04	Nuneaton	8.84

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

"THE BYSTANDER" congratulates the following players on holing in one:—

Miss Faith Parry	15th at West Hove	Mrs. Butterworth	7th at Childwall
Miss Elsie Sidwells	8th at Settle	Mrs. F. E. Lyrer	16th at Grange Park
Miss M. D. Bassett	10th at Sandwell Park	Mrs. C. P. Heselton	13th at Scarborough
Miss A. Sowerby	10th at Penrith	Miss M. S. Davies	4th at Holyhead
Mrs. B. Holt	17th at Alderley Edge	Miss Christine Martindale	2nd at Guildford

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

"The Bystander" Girls' Open Championship, Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th, and 16th.

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 1st.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address.....

.....

Date and year of birth.....*Club, if any*.....

Telephone No......

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Expert skill acquired in generations of wine growing enables this famous firm to produce White Burgundy, full bodied, and rich in subtle bouquet. In order to introduce Blanc Villages 1926 to your table, we are making a very special offer of a ½-bottle for 1/11d. post free.

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Post order form today for ½ bottle sample of White Burgundy Blanc Villages 1926 (including postage and special packing) for 1/11d.

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Links with Character

By Gerard Fairlie

(*Continued from page 229*)

THERE is no need for me to describe any of the holes which go to make up this great course. Each is so full of character that major disasters and major triumphs can and do occur at each of them. I have a two to set against a seven at the High Hole; a three to help forget an eleven at the Road Hole. But St. Andrews, at your worst, is still a friend: even if that seven and that eleven had occurred in the same round, I should not have blamed the links. Like a bad workman, I shonld probably have bought myself a new set of clubs.

And I should certainly have had a Stymie, perhaps two, brought to me on a silver tray by a waiter in blue with gold buttons. The Stymie, unlike the defunct reptile of the green (vide the young lady of a *Punch* picture), has within the clubhouse of the Royal and Ancient as mellowing and comforting an effect as my performance was distressing.

ST. ANDREWS is the Law Courts of Golf. It has been said of a great ornament of the Law Courts, Mr. Justice Avory, that he is a bad man to be tried by if you are guilty, but a good man to be tried by if you are innocent, no matter how black the evidence may be against you. High praise, indeed. St. Andrews is like that, too: committees are just but severe; the course will try you squarely and fairly.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

PLATS DES LÉGUMES

PURÉE AUX POIS VERTS

SOUFFLÉ AUX ÉPINARDS

TOMATES À LA PROVENÇALE

CONCOMBRES À LA CRÊME

KARI DE LÉGUMES

Purée aux Pois Verts

THIS is a useful recipe for peas which are too old to serve plainly boiled. Shell two pounds of peas, boil them in water with salt, a pinch of carbonate of soda, and a little mint. When cooked, strain them and pass through a sieve. Place the peas in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, season with pepper and salt, and add two tablespoonfuls of cream. Make very hot and serve.

Soufflé aux Épinards

TWO pounds of spinach blanched and braised in butter for one hour. Put two ounces of butter into a stewpan, stir into it two ounces of flour, and about half a pint of milk. Let it boil till thick, add two ounces of grated cheese and season to taste. Then add the spinach and the yolks of three eggs. Whip the whites very stiff and add them gradually. Bake in a good oven and serve immediately.

Tomates à la Provençale

CHOOSE large tomatoes, scoop out the insides, wash them in salt and water and let them drain on a sieve. Cook some rice for fifteen minutes, dry it well, and then stir into it some butter, a very little finely-chopped onion and parsley. Fill the tomatoes with this and cook them in the oven until done. Be sure to have some butter on the tomatoes while they are cooking.

Concombres à la Crême

PEEL a cucumber and cut it into rings about half an inch in thickness. Remove the seeds and boil it slightly in a little salted water with a pinch of carbonate of soda. When tender, strain and add two spoonfuls of thick cream, the juice of half a lemon, and a little sugar. Serve as a vegetable, or as a garnish to cutlets.

Kari de Légumes

CUT up some onions very small, also carrots, potatoes, peas, French beans, vegetable marrow, and cauliflower, and a large apple into dice. Put into a stewpan with some butter and fry a light brown. Add good white stock or milk and stew all till tender. Mix into a paste some curry powder, flour and butter and stir into the vegetables twenty minutes before serving: add a little chutney. Serve some well-boiled Patna rice in a separate dish. Do not let the curry be too moist.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful By "Maquillage"

"PROGRESS!"

The operative word in a new Steam Process of Permanent Waving, which eliminates Pain, Discomfort and all Risk.

I HAVE not flown the Atlantic or swum the Channel, or broken a high-jump record, running or putting the weight contest, but I am a pioneer in my way! This is not the opening of one of those tiresome too frank or too reticent autobiographies; it is a very brief account of the progress of permanent waving and one of its latest and most progressive developments, and I personally shall drop out of the eventful history after an heroic appearance in the preamble!

EXPERIMENTS had been in progress for years before the War. I am ignorant of the exact date when "permanent hair waving" was launched on the public in this country by, I believe I am right in saying, Nestlé, of Dover Street.

One had heard that straight-haired women had been converted into curly-locked sirens. I personally had never seen the results of this revolutionary process when, nearly fifteen years ago, embittered by the possession of heavy, lank locks and constant "marcelling," I decided to have my hair permanently waved. Friends offered frantic protest and warning: "All the hair will drop off your head"—"It will turn green"—"You will be frizzed and look like a white Kaffir."

I had always felt that if I had natural curls and knew how to cook I could face any adventure—even life in the bush with an E. M. Dell hero. I had mastered the cooking part of the programme. I was young and reckless. I had my hair curled by the great Laporte, who was afterwards, until his death, in charge of the permanent waving at Eugene's. Don't laugh! It was, in those days, an adventure!

It succeeded. I became the proud and happy possessor of "natural" waves.

I HAVE had my hair permanently waved periodically, twice to four times a year (my hair grows quickly) ever since, and I have taken a keen interest in the progress of what has become a science instead of an experiment. The first time I had my hair done there was one streak slightly bleached and dried—one curler had been left on too long or the heat applied was too great. Sachets containing boracic were used in those days, and the heat was difficult to regulate. It required an artist to achieve satisfactory results, and the terrifying tales of dire consequences were the result of the failure of individual practitioners, handling experimental and not very amenable apparati.

All this has been changed, and improvements are constantly added to existing systems. Hairdressers are trained in their manipulation. The oil vapour sachets, which can be used on fair, white and delicate hair without fear of affecting colour or texture, were a great advance. The art of setting is now part of every hairdresser's qualification, and nowadays nearly every woman who was not born with curly hair has it "permed" without a second thought.

Its very success and universal adoption made it a sine qua non that systems of permanent waving should constantly be improved on.

THE "Sartory" system would seem to supersede many of those now in practice. The hair is subjected to moist steam heat throughout the process of waving, and the temperature is automatically prevented from rising above a predetermined point, so that the hair cannot be injured or dried, as it may be by over-baking, and is kept soft and lustrous. Consistently excellent results can be obtained by *any* efficient hairdresser, not merely by the outstanding artists in the profession.

Further, each curler is constructed to hold more hair than could formerly be wound (33 per cent. as much again), which considerably shortens the process, and no strings, sachets or clips are used, so that pain and discomfort to the subject are eliminated, and as there is no application of electricity, gas or mechanical heat, the advantage when nervous or sensitive subjects are "in the chair" (even after something like 45 to 50 curlings, I cannot get over this attitude to my permanent wave séances!) is self-evident.

The advantages of vapour over direct heating have long been appreciated by hairdressers of experience, and the "Sartory" steam system, which obviates the use of sachets, clips, and all anxiety as to results, is sure to be welcomed by them and their clients.

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. AUGUST 3, 1932.
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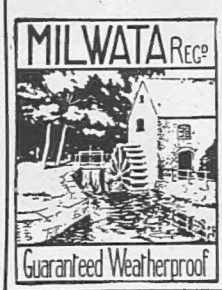

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You, too, will APPRECIATE the individual Charm of

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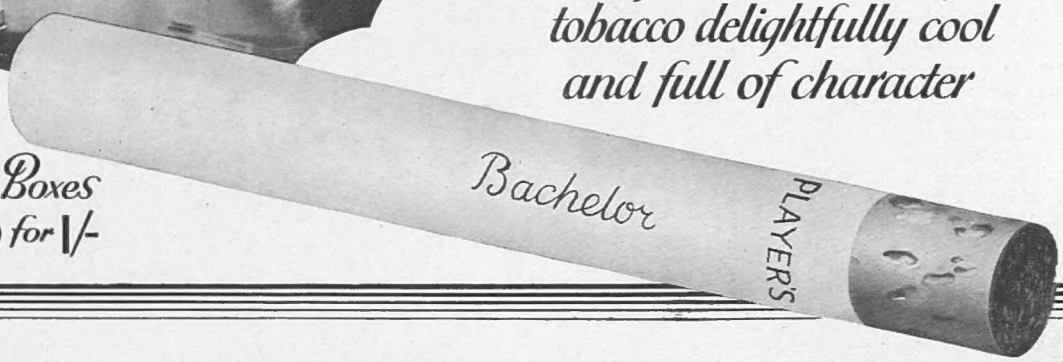

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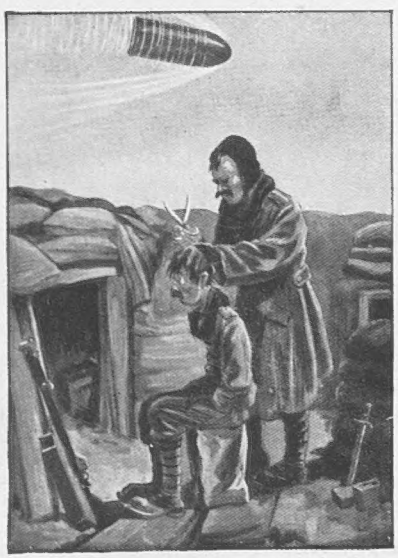

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'Phone: Museum 3128

A MAGAZINE MADE FOR AUGUST

With Stories that thrill, interest and enlighten

"The elephant rolled like a boat on a wind-less ground swell, and the sun beat down like hot brass. There was neither road nor trace of human footstep. The mahout, who was more than half-asleep, allowed the elephant to choose his own way in the general direction of the rock-ribbed hills. Chullunder Ghose sat upright underneath a black umbrella, because he could not otherwise, with any comfort, hold the thing between his fat face and the sun. Larry O'Hara sat on the other side of the howdah, also upright, because anything whatever interested him. He had the kind of blue-grey eyes that only sleep at night, and even then as trigger-lightly as a watch-dog's.

"Sahib," said the babu, "we have a proverb that the hypocrite asks always for the bird, but that the valorous man asks only for the bow and arrows."

"Well, what of it?" asked O'Hara.

"This obese and talkative babu, intimidated by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, is a Hamlet who has seen what U.S.A. Americans would call a lot of hot stuff, and a lot more cheap baloney. Life is like that: two-thirds hokum. And the other third is nearly nine-tenths stupid. Just about a tenth of one per cent. of life is hell and heaven, mixed into a drunken and beautiful madness. But that is enough. I am mad. You are mad. This elephant is mad. And so is Lalla Lingo. *Verb sap.*"

"What's wrong with the elephant?" O'Hara asked him.

"He obeys us. He could shake us off, and roll the howdah off, and run to where a hundred elephants are roaming wild and uncontaminated by a sense of duty."

"Lalla Lingo?"

"Is a man of many talents, without philosophy enough to cherish them beneath a sense of humour in the autocratic solitude he might enjoy if he were only not a propagandist. Think of him. He owns a village, whose inhabitants believe he is a god in an imported suit of Palm Beach reach-me-downs. It is an honour if he takes their women. It is privilege to them to build his house, and grow his corn, and bring him meat. He has his books, his European education, and an income that is ample for exotic needs. And yet he wants more. So he subsidizes murder—"

"We don't actually know that," said O'Hara

"And he subsidizes the police—"

O'Hara interrupted: "That is also something that we can't prove . . ."

"CASE THIRTEEN" *by Talbot Mundy* proves that a little play acting is a useful thing, even in the Secret Service. A gripping story for an afternoon on holiday.

This beautiful signed portrait of

TALLULAH BANKHEAD GIVEN AWAY

with this issue

"Look here, old girl, I've been thinking it over and if you really insist I'm prepared to do all I possibly can to help you. . . ."

All Azalea's life reluctant people, looking shame-faced, had constantly come to her and said they were ready to do something for her that previously they had sworn they would never do.

In 1909, a mere Saul among prophets, on witnessing the defeat by Azalea, aged four, of her septuagenarian grandfather (educated Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; called to the bar in 1860; Q.C. 1871; King's Bench Judge 1889; Victorian to the backbone, irascible and unbending) in a battle of wills that ended in Sir Mervyn obediently crawling on her mother's dusty drawing room carpet beneath a moth-eaten tiger-skin rug, would have predicted a masterful career for the auburn-haired imp on whose bronze eyes anger seemed to encrust a greenish patina.

Nurses, their bodies stiffened by whalebone, their wills indurated and their wits sharpened by years of conflict with nursery mutineers, either walked the plank or laid down not only their arms but their entire personalities for Azalea to trample on. Other servants—even butlers who called her the little devil in their pantries—after suffering the pressure of Azalea's thumb in silence, only maintained that sturdy independence of character, which is the British domestic's birthright, by subsequently being covertly ruder than usual to Azalea's parents. . . ."

A good Society story by George Froxfield—"AZALEA ABDICATES" . . . a rather risky experiment in matrimonial strategy.

Get it at the Bookstall as you go on holiday

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"FAST LADIES" *by Barré Lyndon*
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"THE GENTLE ART OF LOSING MILLIONS" *by Shaw Desmond*
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